

DELL

Exciting
Adventure

MARCH
Still 10¢

WAGON TRAIN

Major Adams risks his
life to save a runaway
boy who tries to join
the wagon train!

WARD BOND

ROBERT HORTON





THE RUNAWAY FROM CANYONVILLE

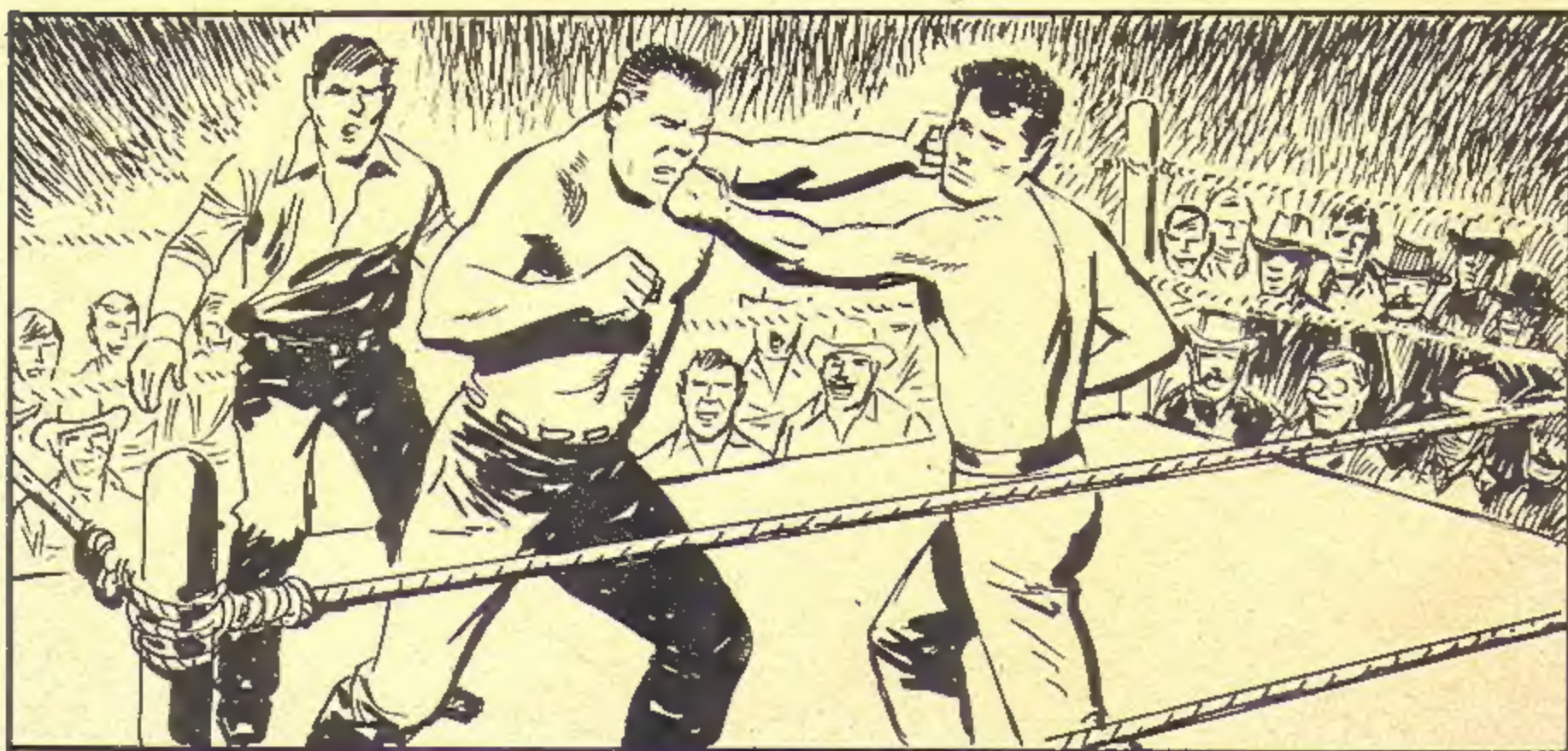


While attempting to return a runaway boy to his cattle-baron father, Charlie Wooster is imprisoned in the baron's private jail.



To rescue Charlie, Major Adams battles the baron's hired guns and risks his own life to save the boy who has run away again.

FIGHT FOR TIME



When Flint McCullough rides into town on a mission for Major Adams, he finds himself involved in a fight he had not anticipated.

WAGON TRAIN

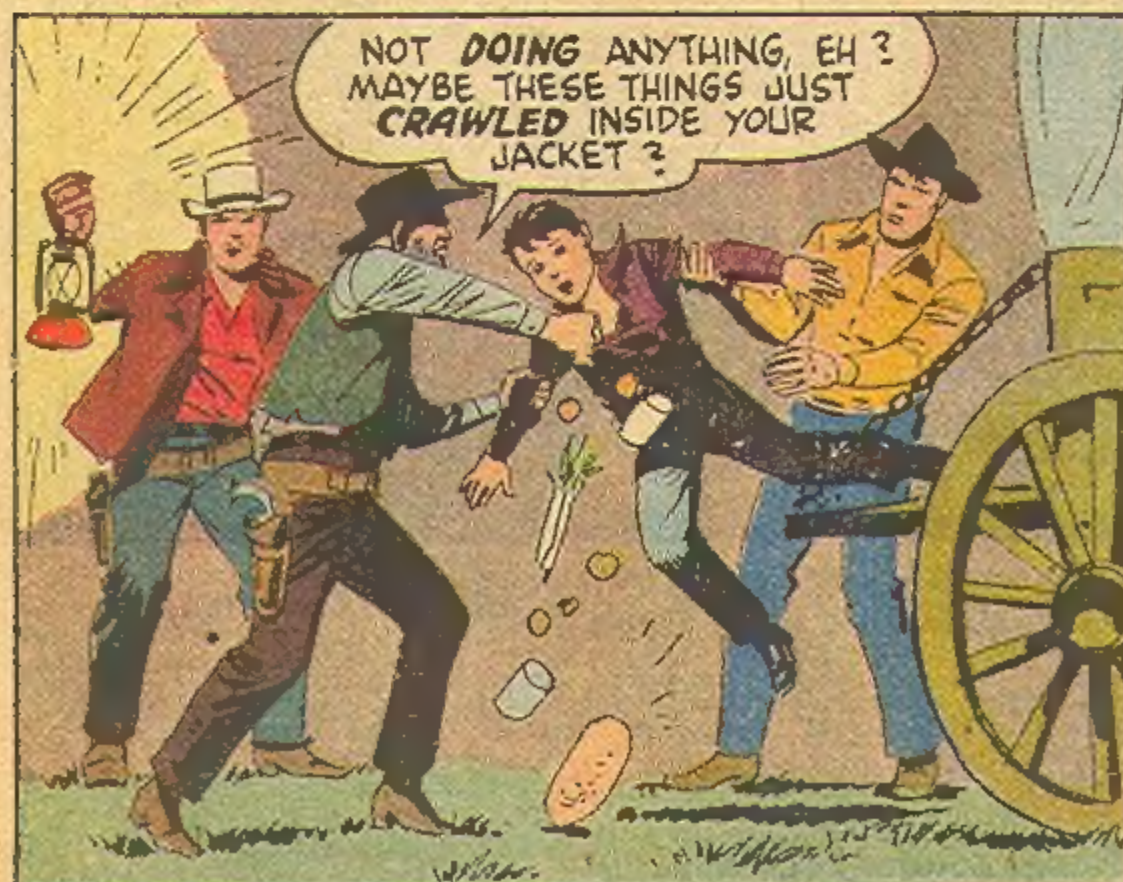
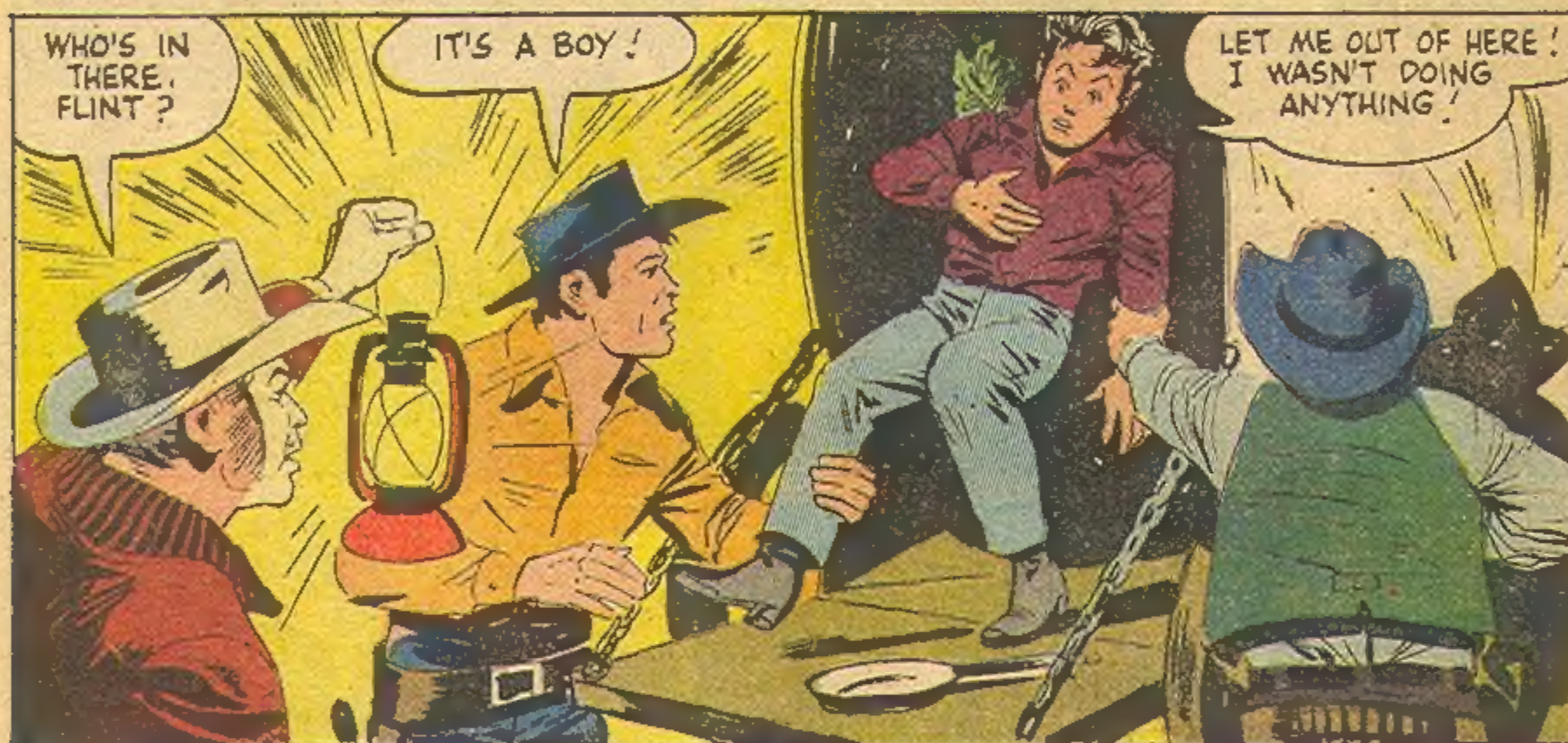
The RUNAWAY FROM CANYONVILLE

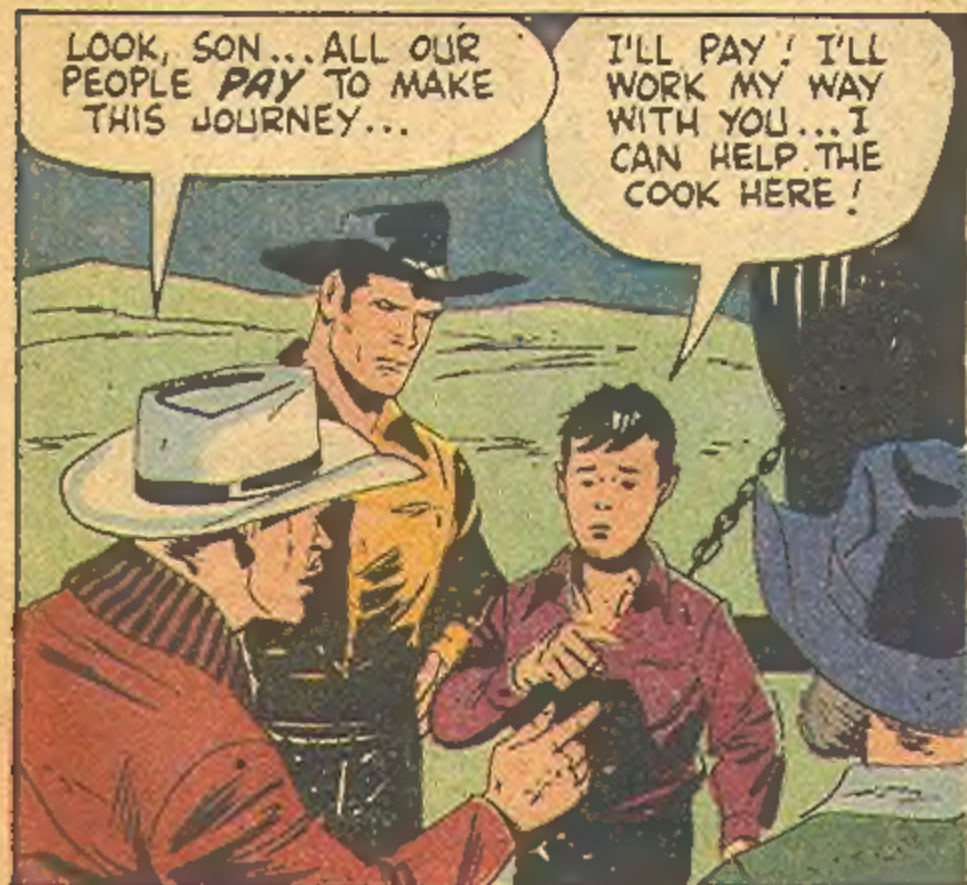


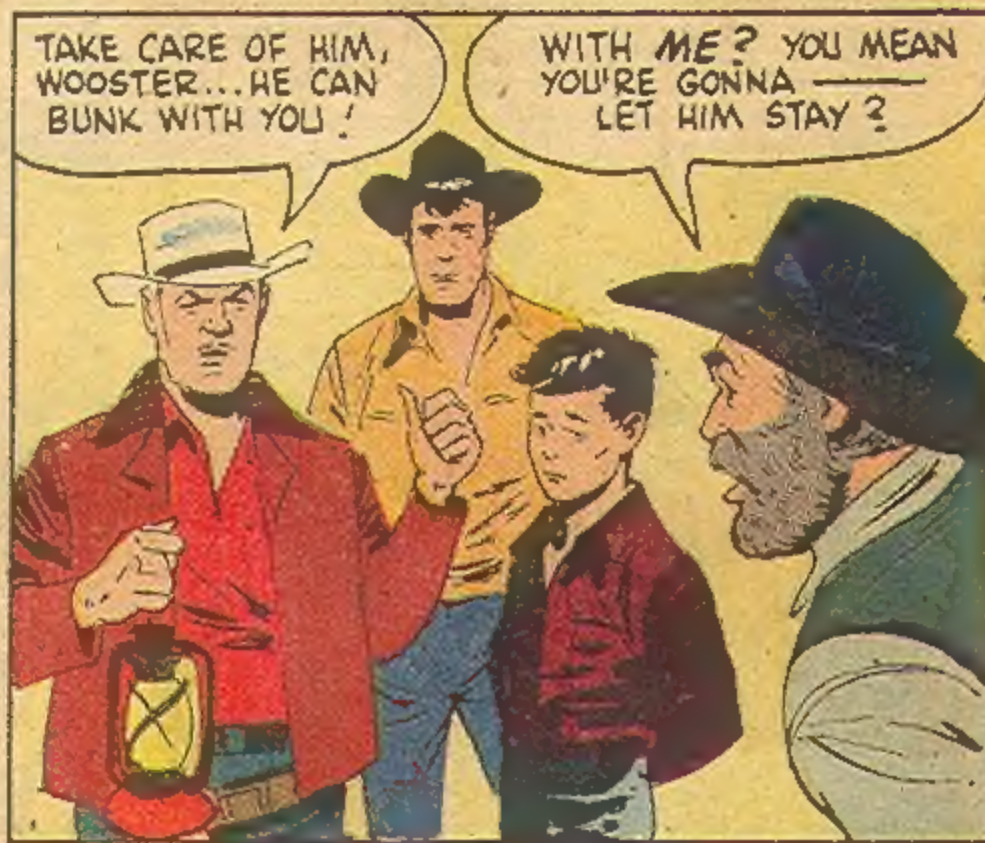
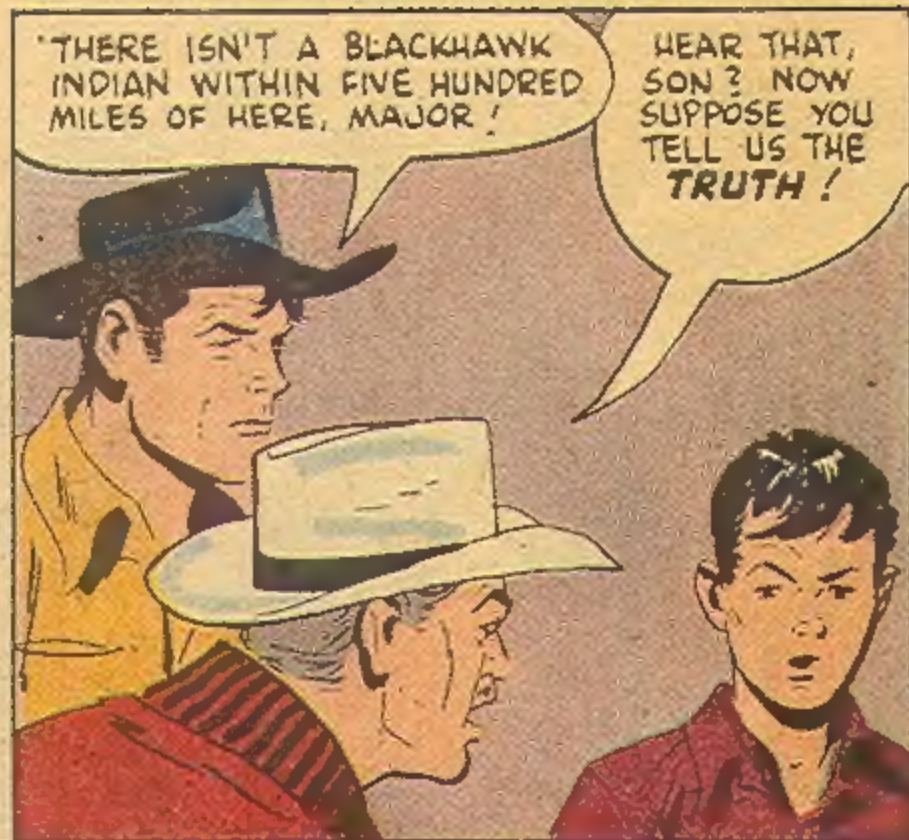
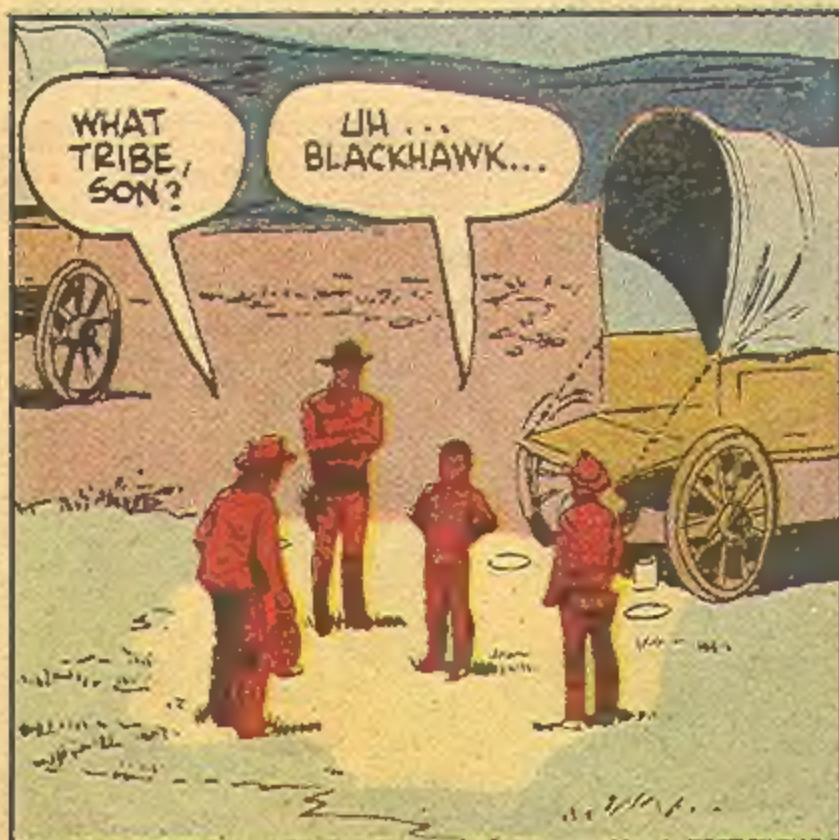
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AT THE CAMPFIRE...

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO, MAJOR?

NOT MUCH WE CAN DO, FLINT... WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM WITH US AS FAR AS WATSON CITY... MAYBE SOME OF THE FOLKS THERE CAN TELL US WHO HE IS!

IN WOOSTER'S WAGON, THE YOUNG BOY SLEEPS RESTLESSLY...

GOT... GOT TO GET AWAY... CANYONVILLE'S NO GOOD...

HE'S TALKIN' IN HIS SLEEP!

GET AWAY FROM PA... AWAY FROM CANNON...

CANNON?

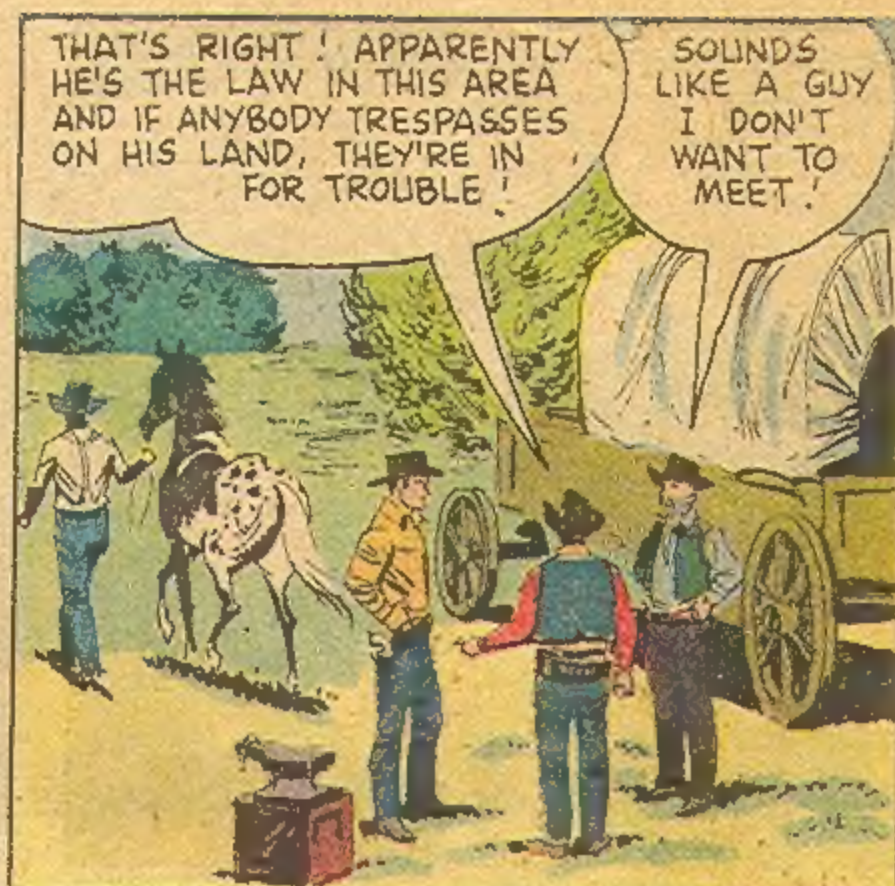
THE NEXT MORNING, WOOSTER TALKS TO MAJOR ADAMS AND FLINT...

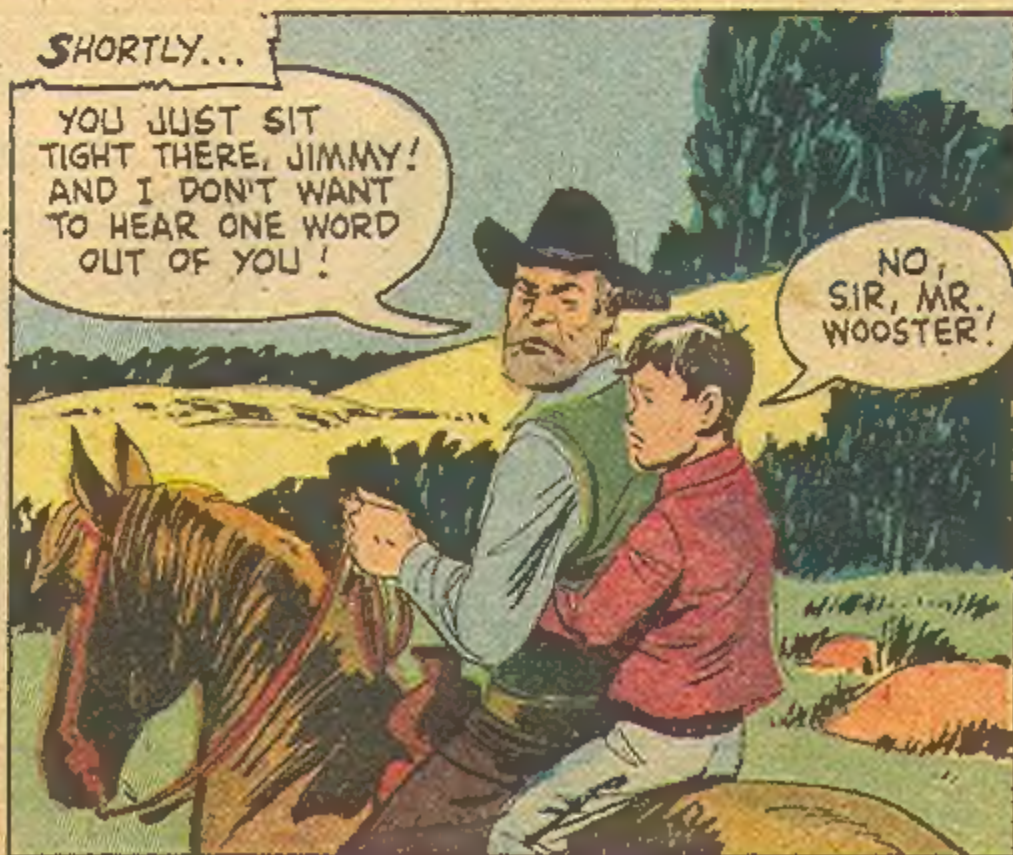
...AND HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A CANNON... AND CANYONVILLE!

OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED!

REMEMBERED WHAT?

CANYONVILLE IS A RANCH ABOUT TEN MILES FROM HERE... AND THE OWNER IS A MAN NAMED CANNON WALKER... A CATTLE BARON OF SORTS!





WOOSTER LEAVES WITH THE BOY, PLANNING TO CATCH UP WITH THE TRAIN BY NOON...

I'LL BET WOOSTER WILL BE HAPPY TO SEE THAT YOUNGSTER LEAVE!

IF HE WERE MY KID, I'D WHALE THE TAR OUT OF HIM!



I'LL ADMIT THE BOY IS A WILD ONE... BUT TEN TO ONE HE'S NOT ENTIRELY TO BLAME!



CHARLIE APPROACHES THE DOMAIN OF CANNON WALKER...

OUR RANCH IS JUST AROUND THE NEXT BEND...



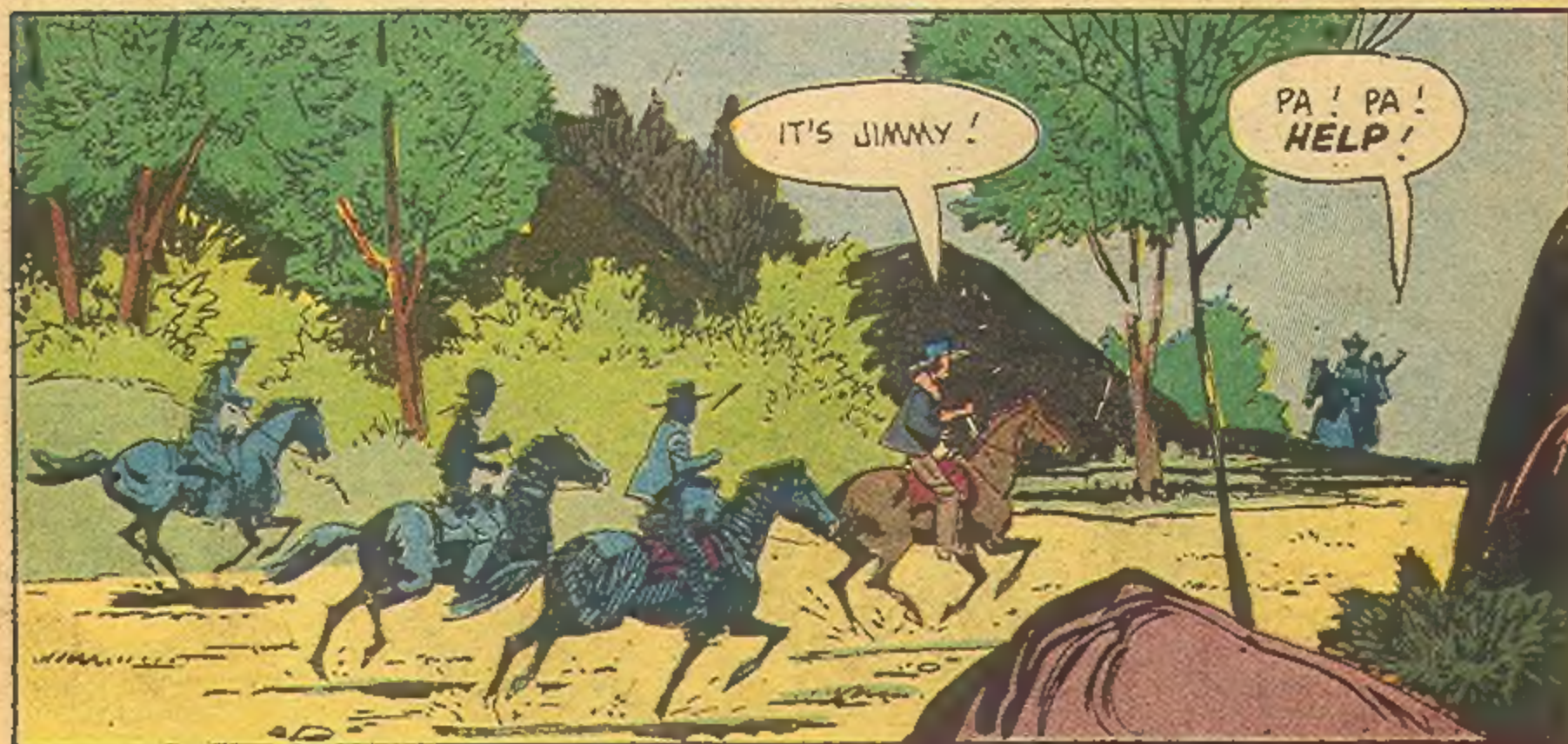
AT THAT MOMENT...

MR. WALKER! LOOK!

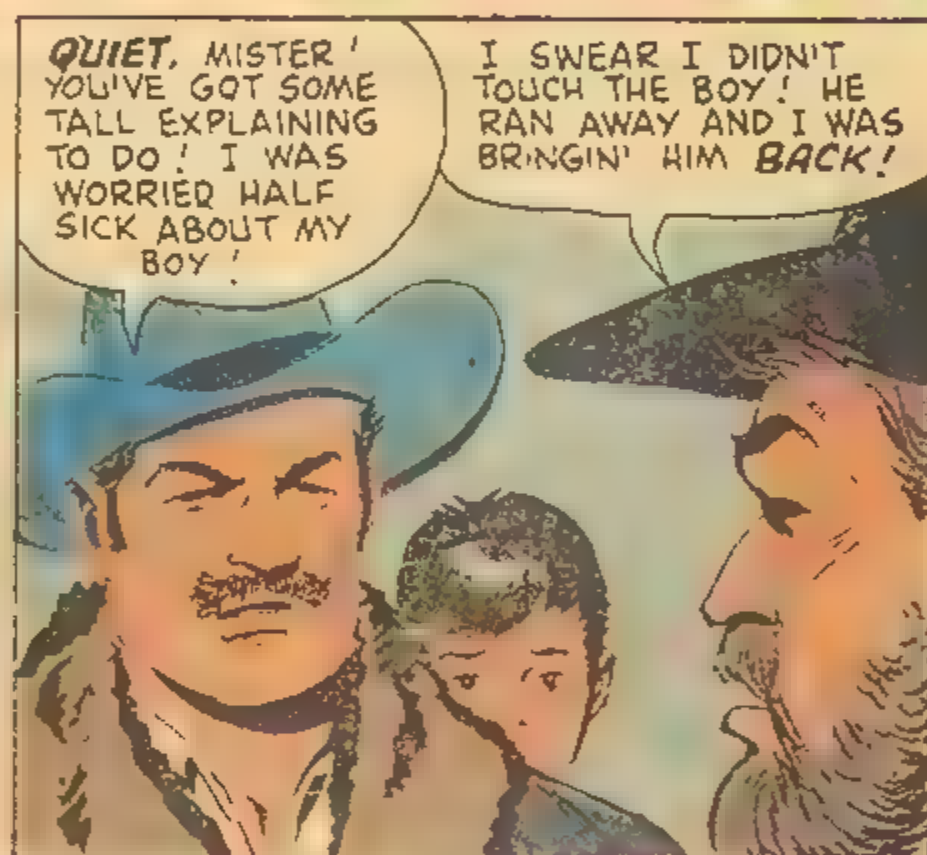
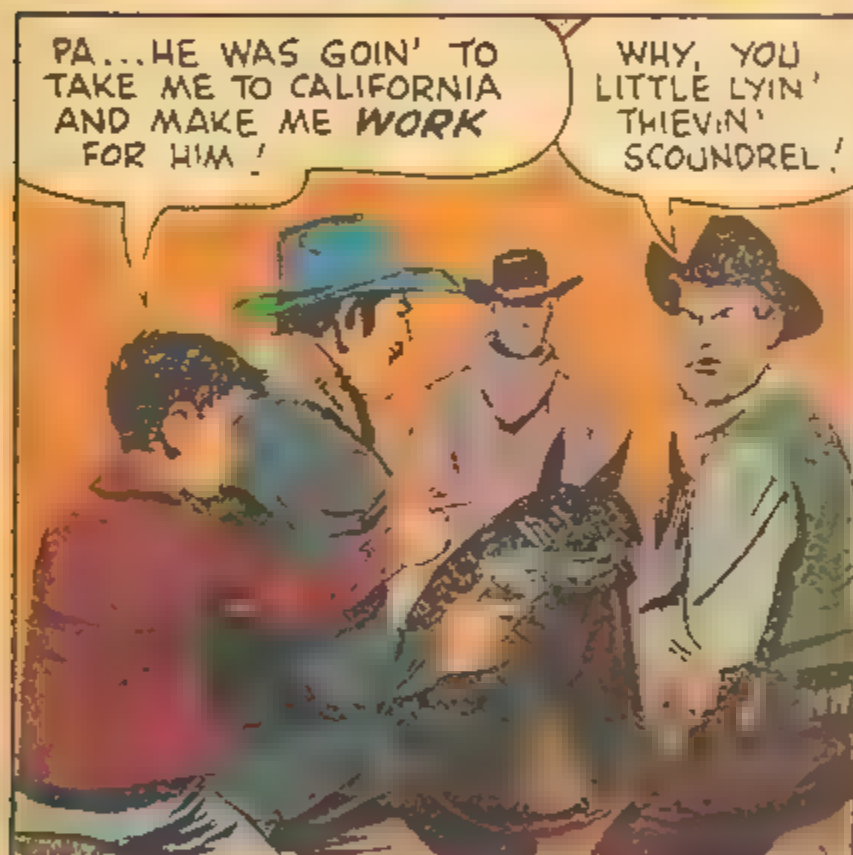
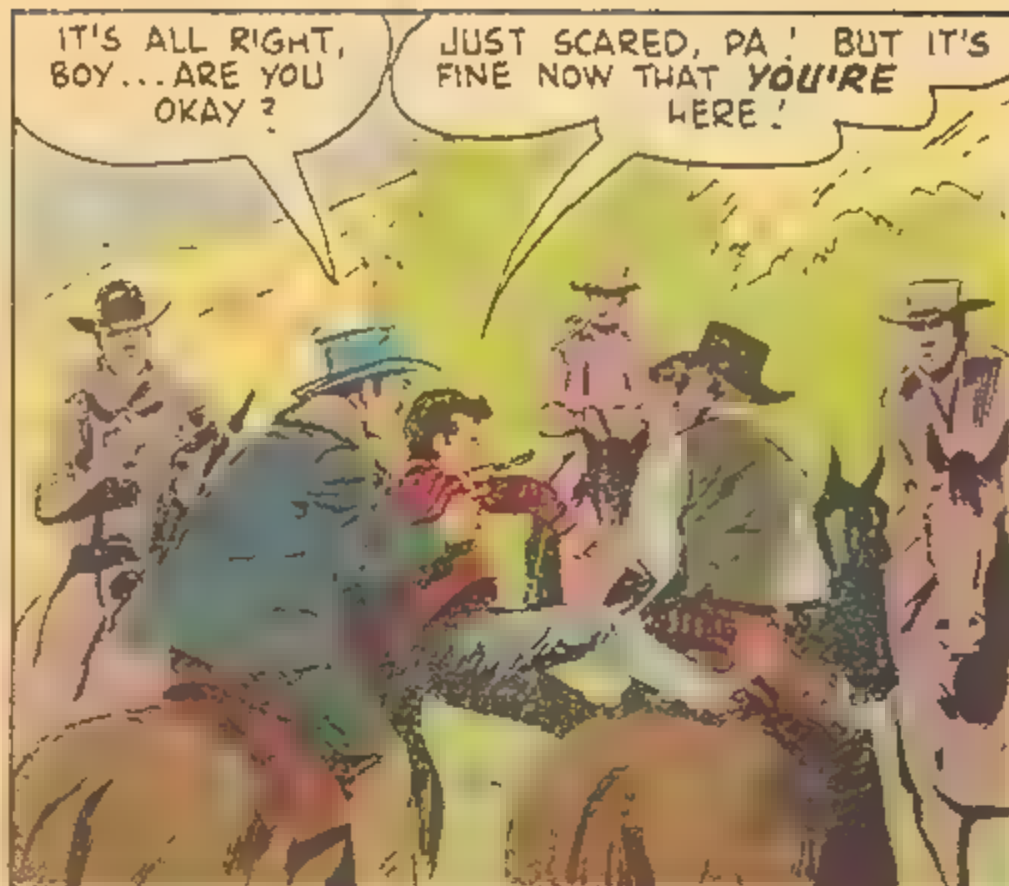


IT'S JIMMY!

PA! PA! HELP!



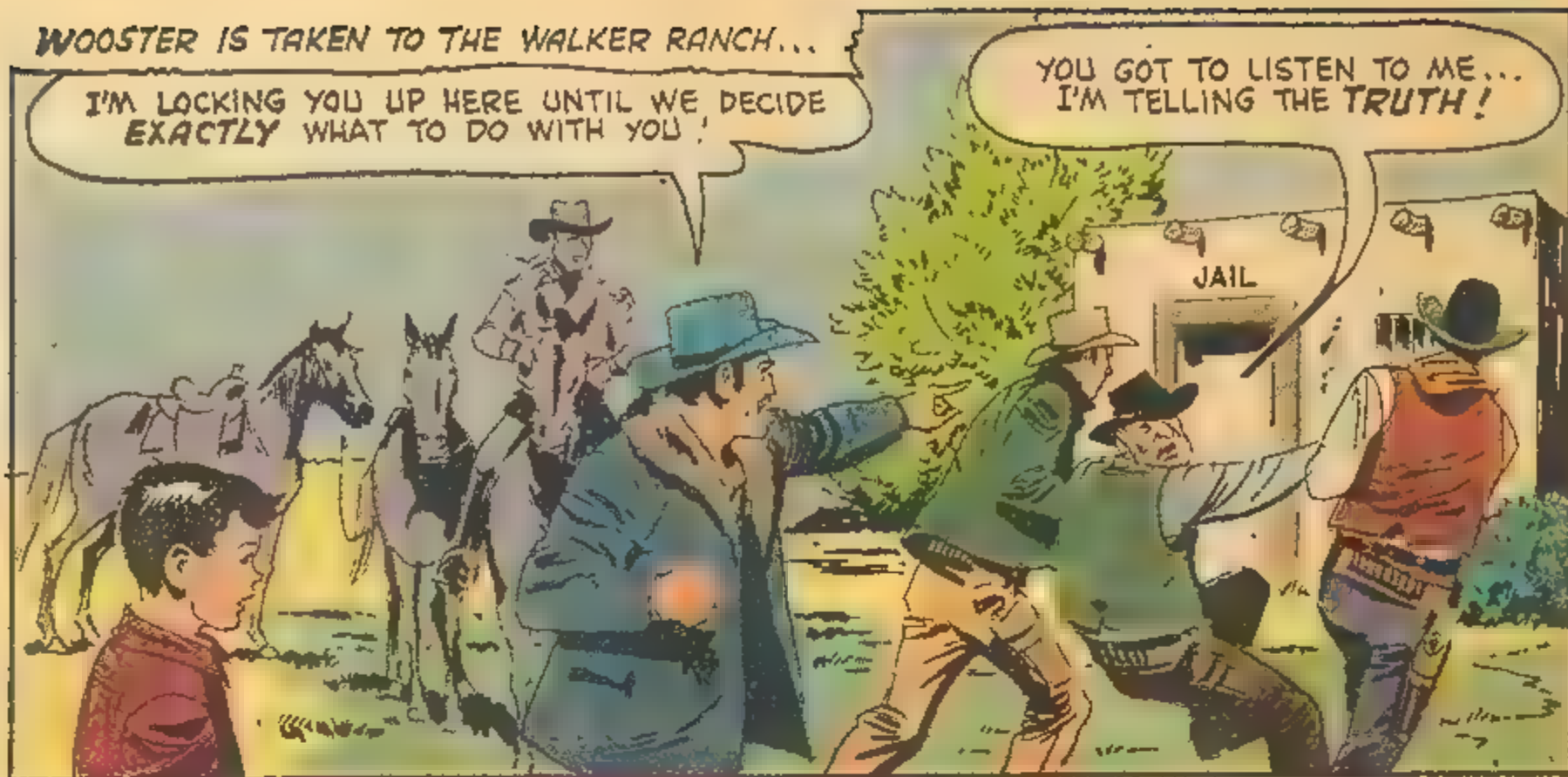
BEFORE WOOSTER REALIZES WHAT IS HAPPENING...



WOOSTER IS TAKEN TO THE WALKER RANCH...

I'M LOCKING YOU UP HERE UNTIL WE DECIDE EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH YOU!

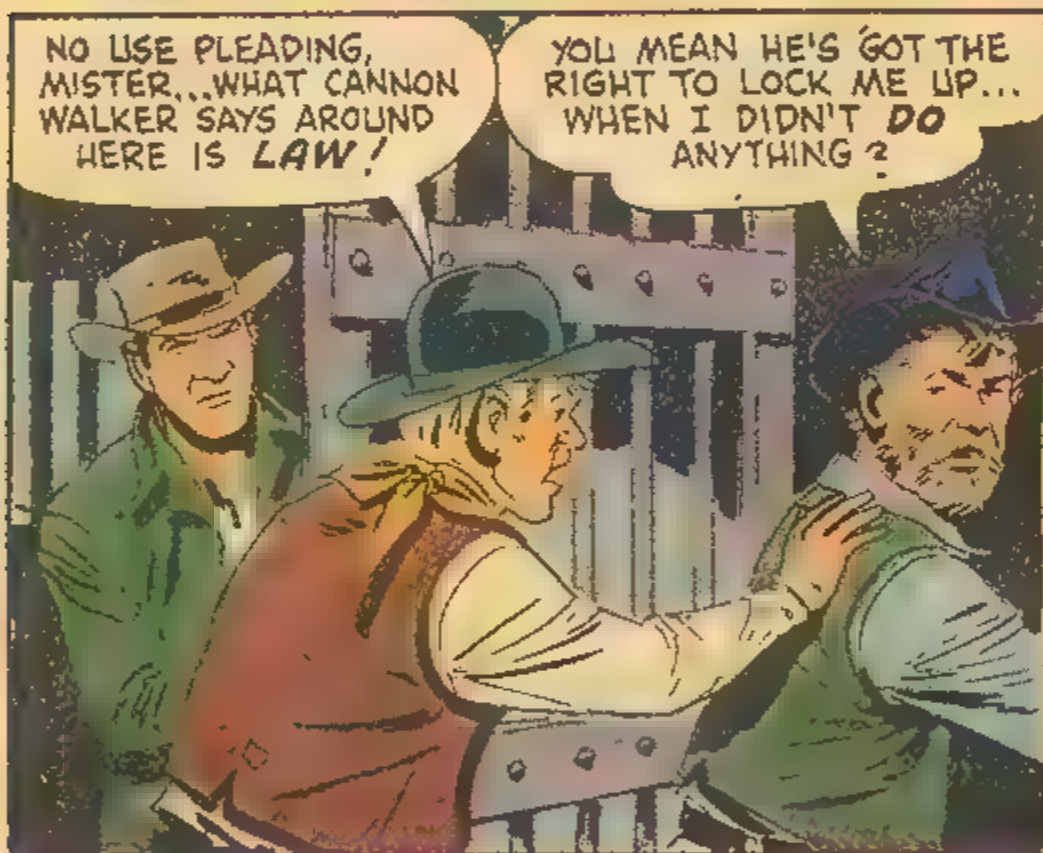
YOU GOT TO LISTEN TO ME...
I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!



NO USE PLEADING, MISTER...WHAT CANNON WALKER SAYS AROUND HERE IS **LAW!**

YOU MEAN HE'S GOT THE RIGHT TO LOCK ME UP... WHEN I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING?

IT'S YOUR WORD AGAINST HIS, MISTER...AND SINCE THIS IS **HIS** PROPERTY AND **HIS** JAIL AND **HIS** BOY THAT WAS MISSING... I'D SAY YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

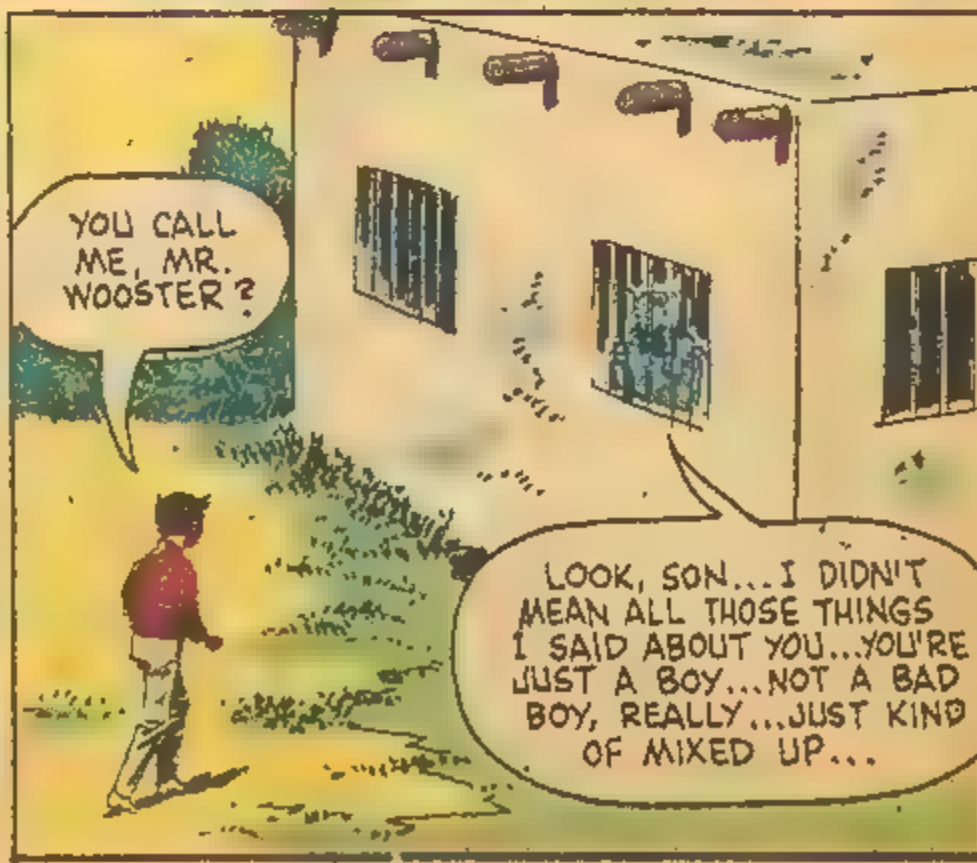
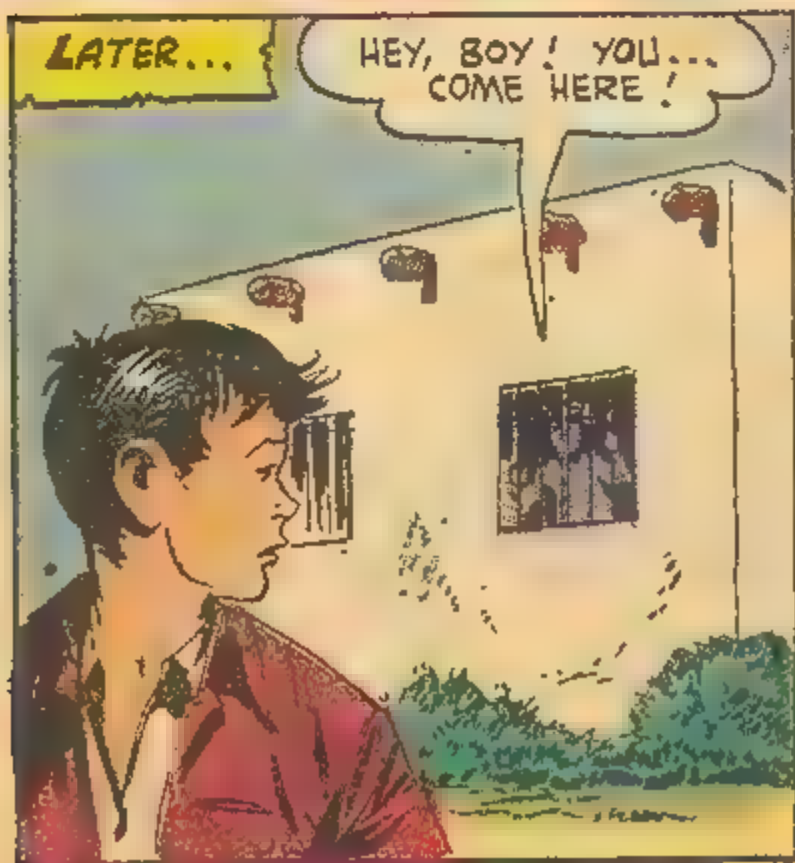


LATER...

HEY, BOY! YOU...
COME HERE!

YOU CALL ME, MR. WOOSTER?

LOOK, SON...I DIDN'T MEAN ALL THOSE THINGS I SAID ABOUT YOU...YOU'RE JUST A BOY...NOT A BAD BOY, REALLY...JUST KIND OF MIXED UP...



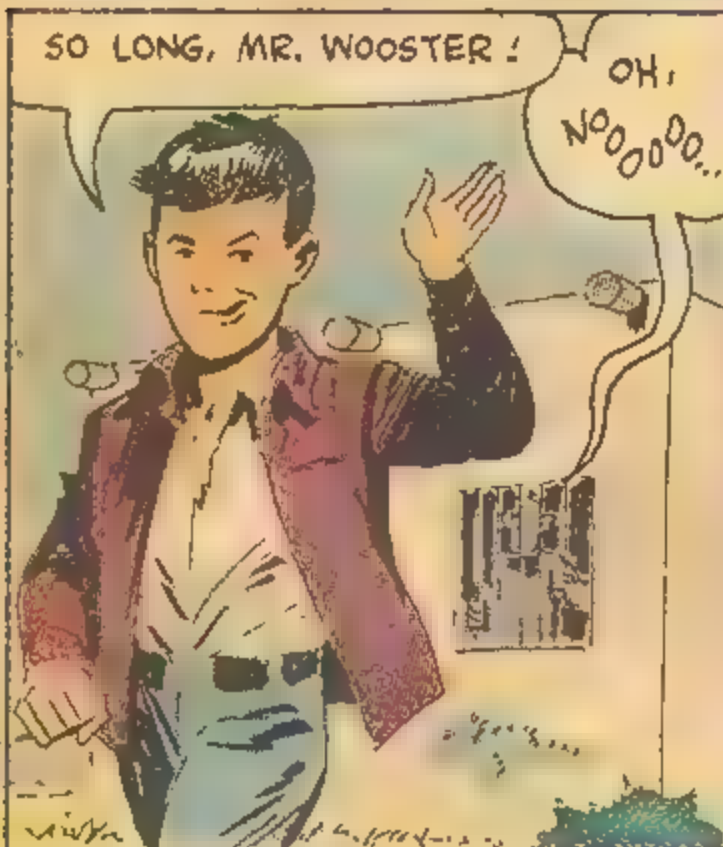


ARE YOU TRYING TO **SAY** SOMETHING, MR WOOSTER?

WHY DON'T YOU BE A GOOD KID AND TELL YOUR FATHER THE TRUTH! YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE ME HURT FOR NOTHIN', DO YOU, BOY?

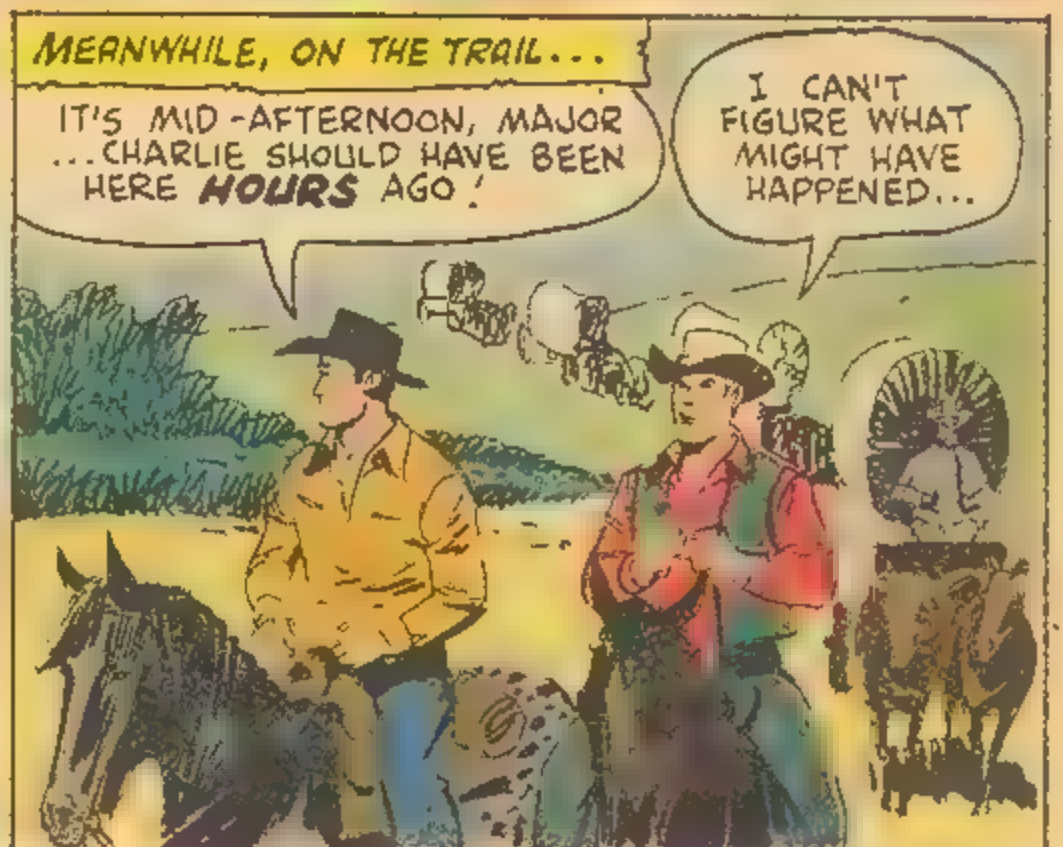


YOU WOULDN'T LET ME RUN AWAY... YOU TOLD ON ME... THAT'S WHY I DID IT! NOW I'M GETTIN' EVEN FOR TELLIN' ON ME!



SO LONG, MR. WOOSTER!

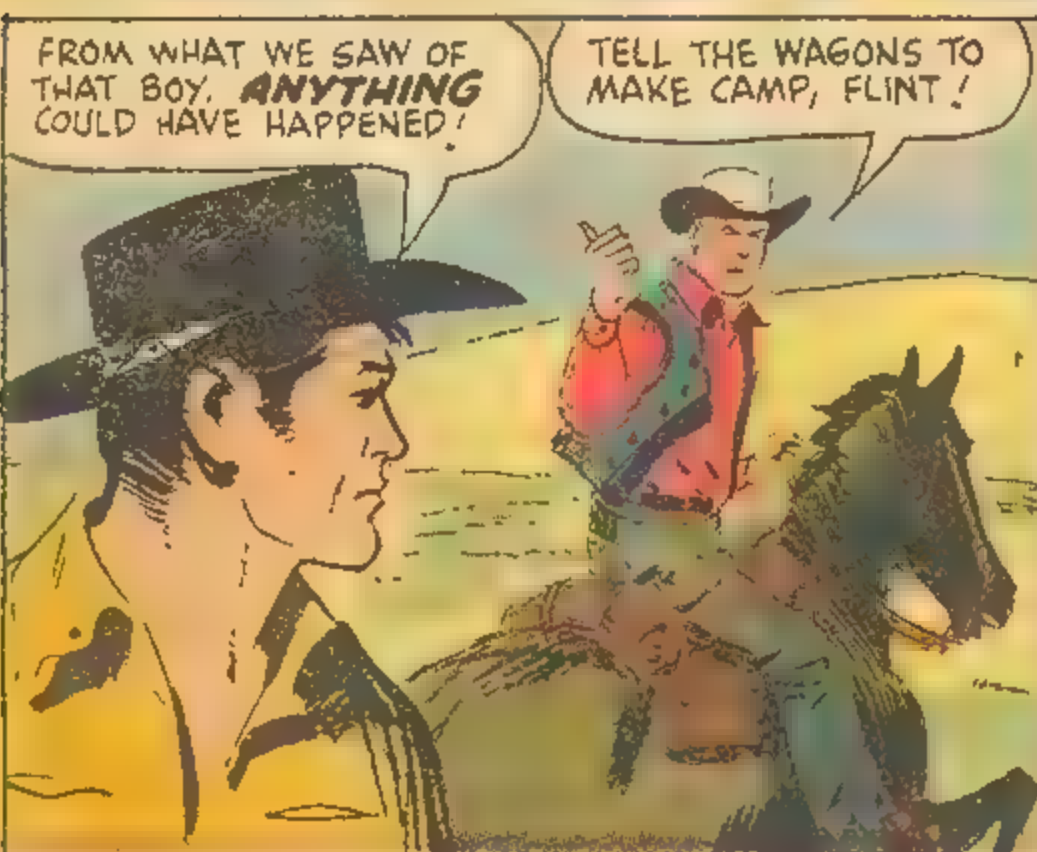
OH, NOOOOO...



MEANWHILE, ON THE TRAIL...

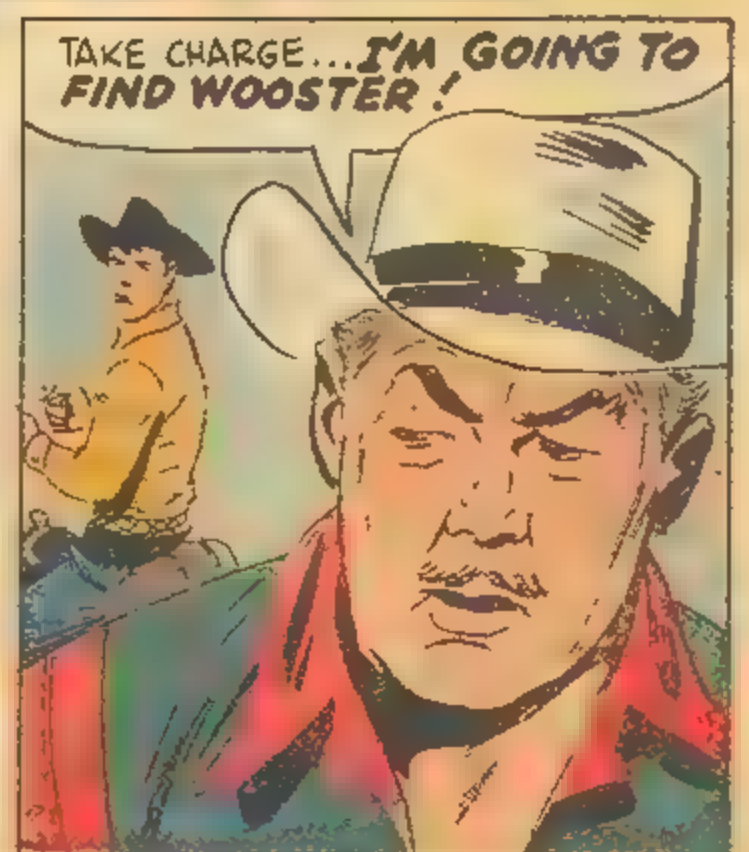
IT'S MID-AFTERNOON, MAJOR... CHARLIE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE **HOURS** AGO!

I CAN'T FIGURE WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED...



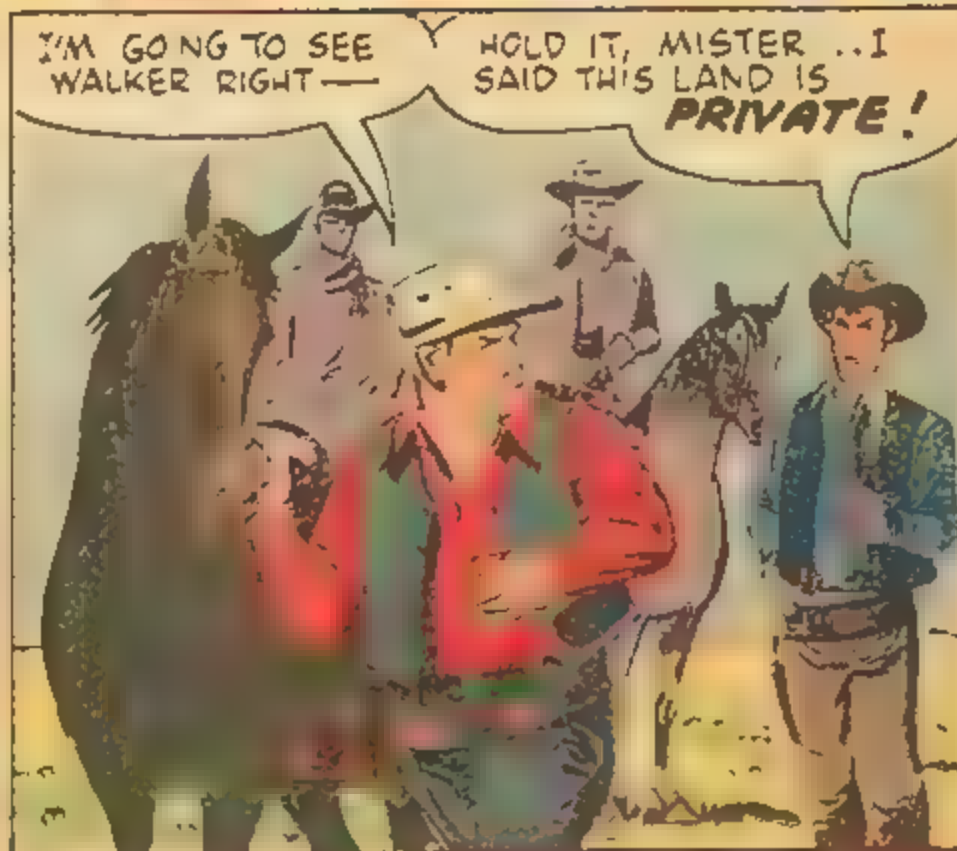
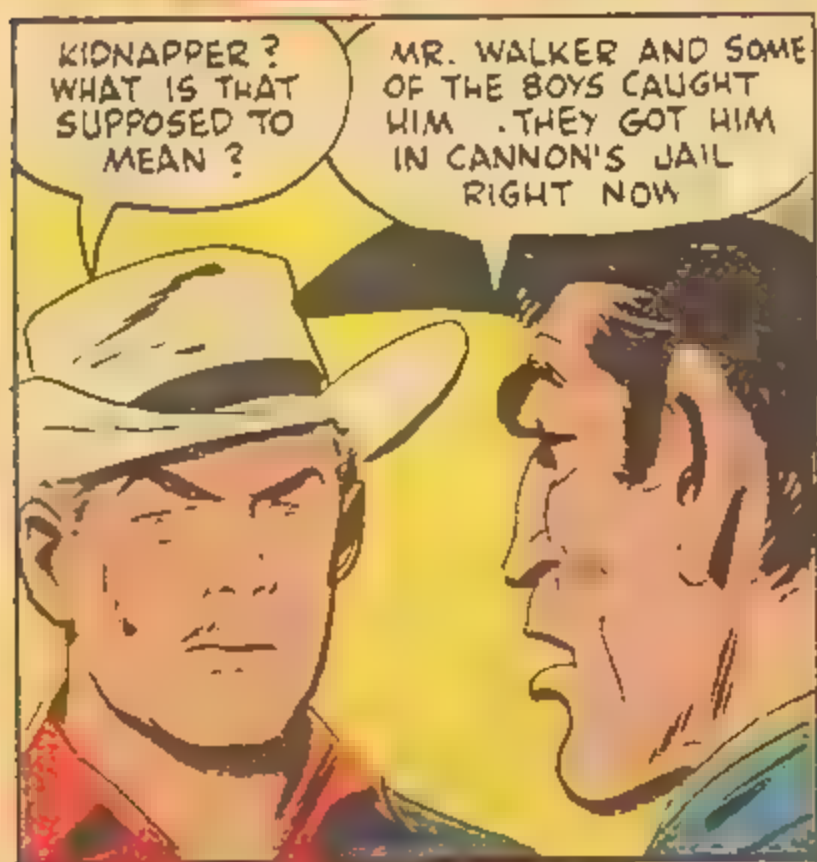
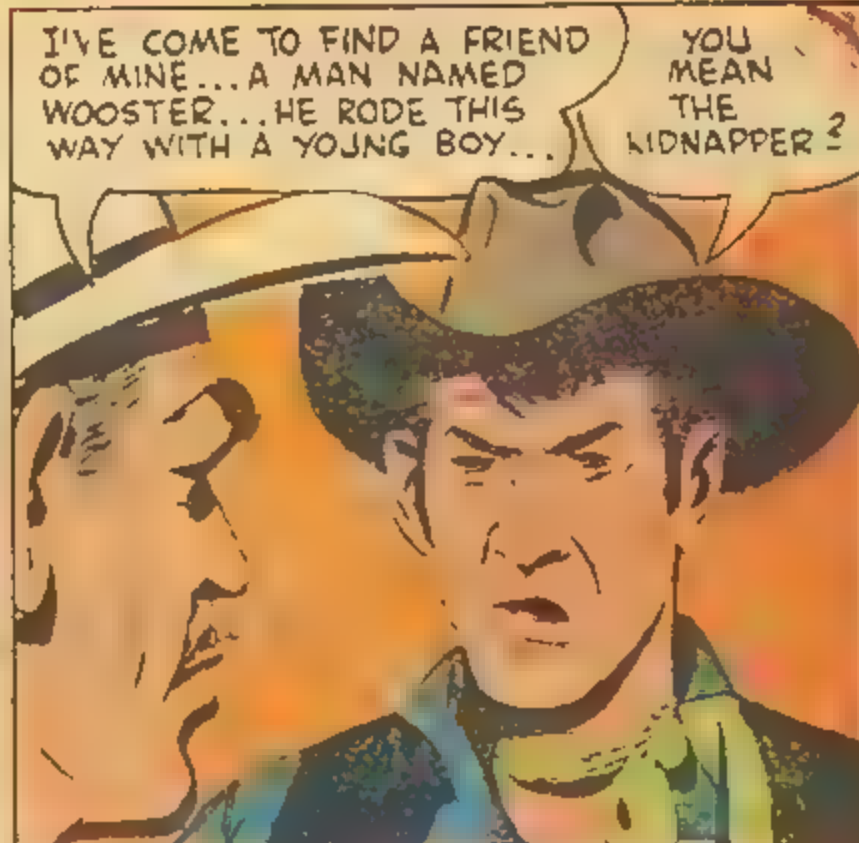
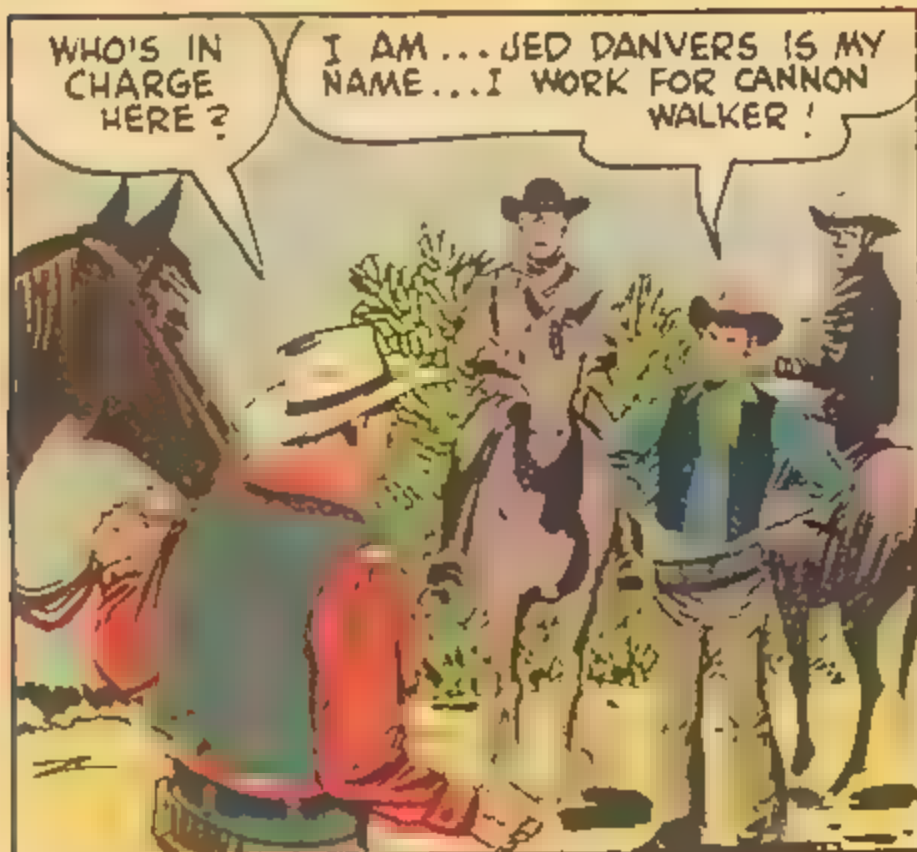
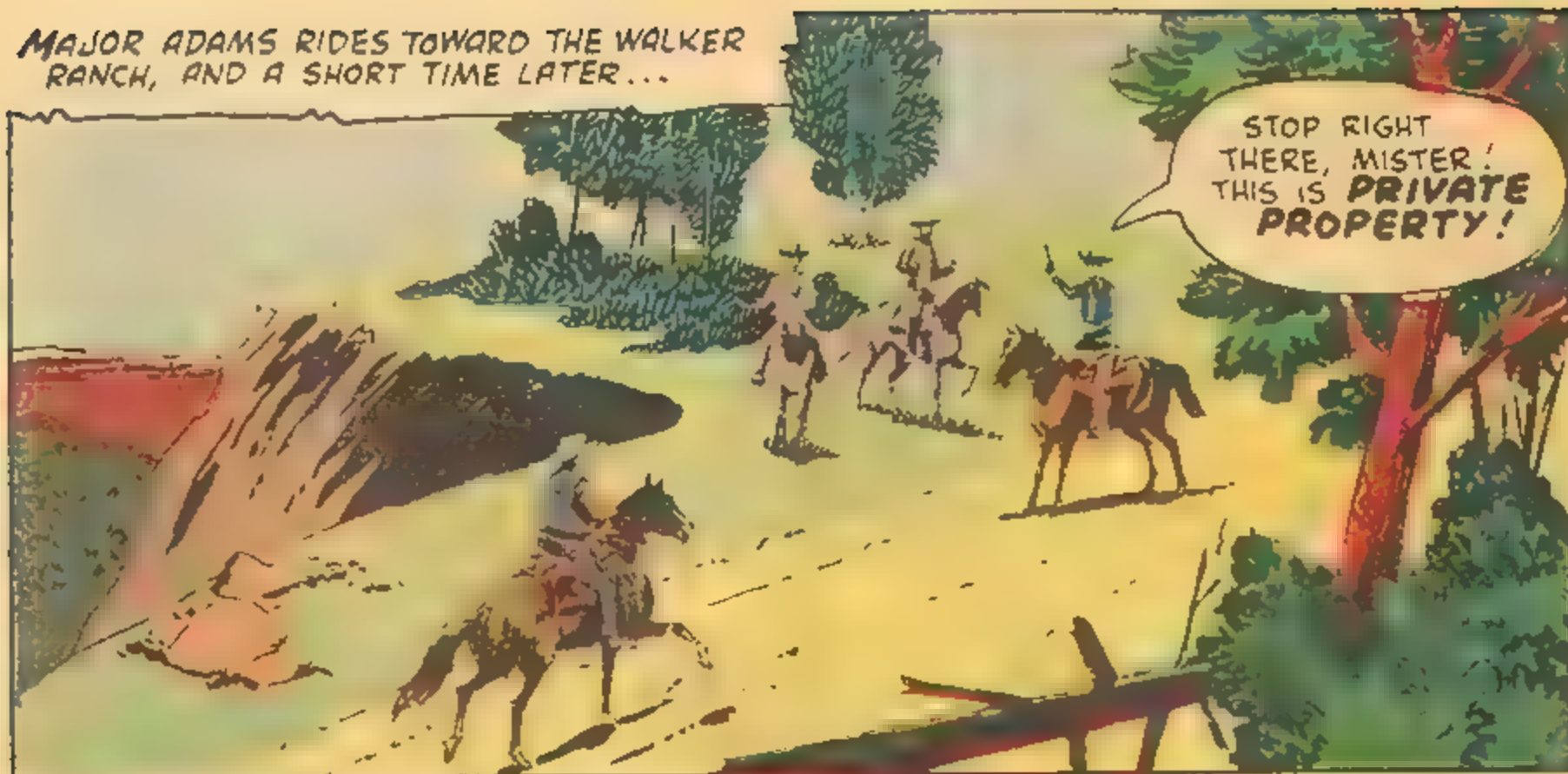
FROM WHAT WE SAW OF THAT BOY, **ANYTHING** COULD HAVE HAPPENED!

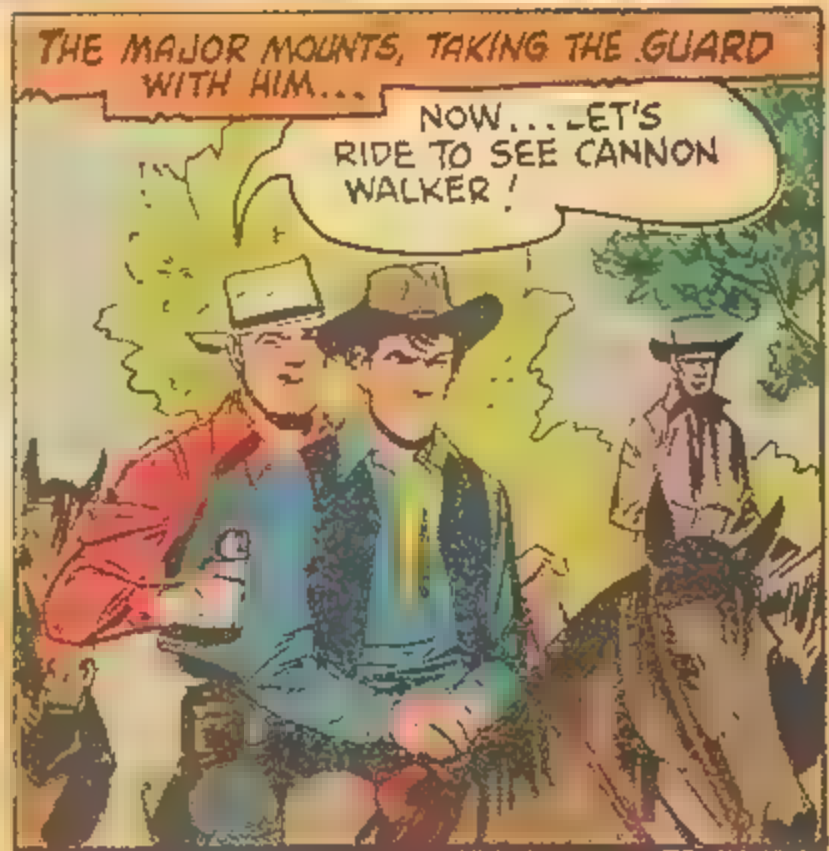
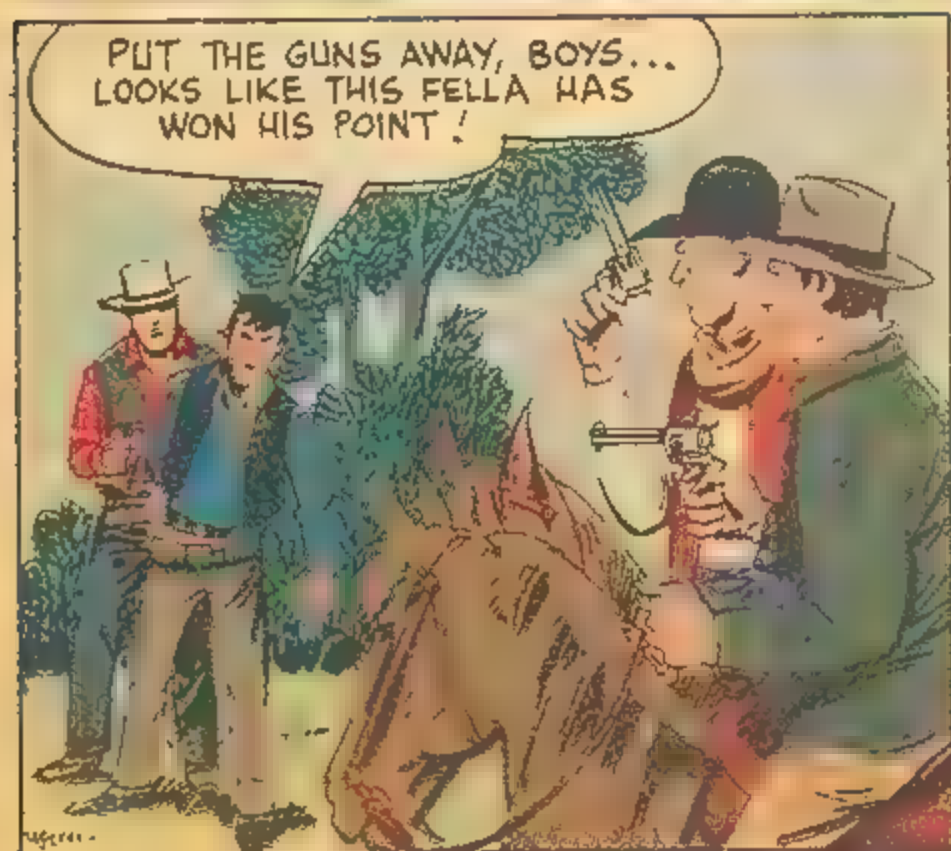
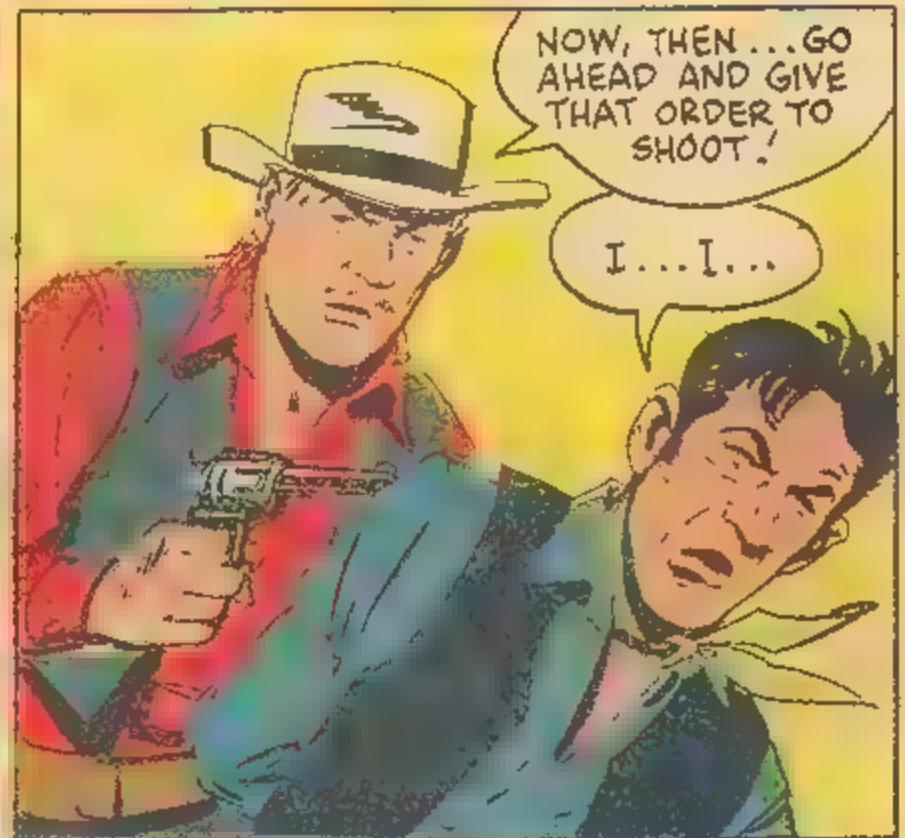
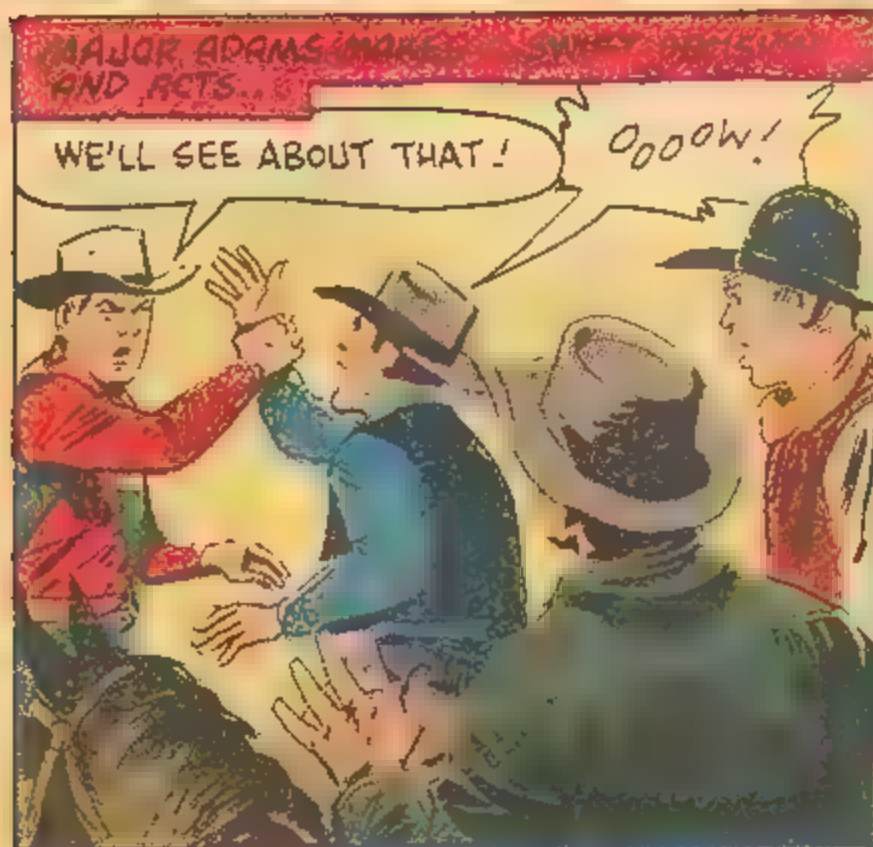
TELL THE WAGONS TO MAKE CAMP, FLINT!



TAKE CHARGE... **I'M GOING TO FIND WOOSTER!**

MAJOR ADAMS RIDES TOWARD THE WALKER RANCH, AND A SHORT TIME LATER...



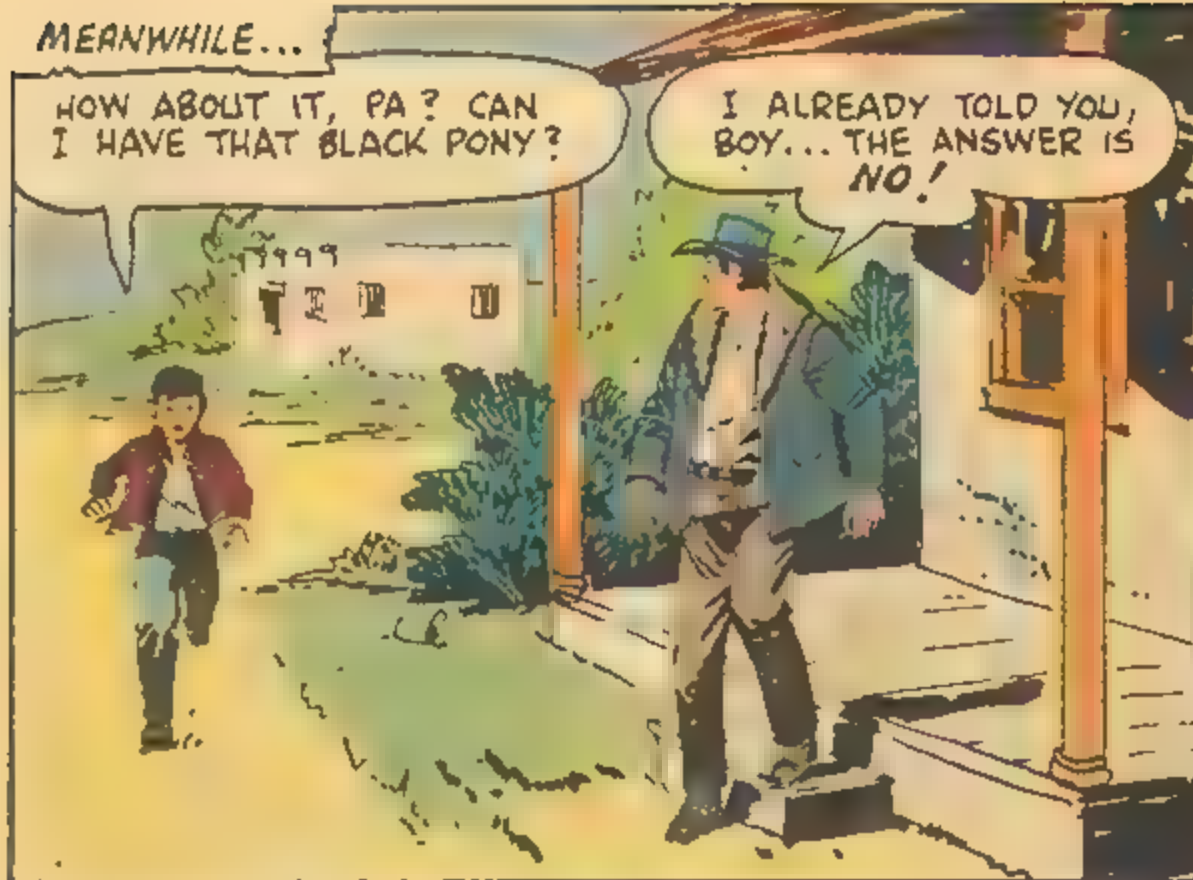


MEANWHILE...

HOW ABOUT IT, PA? CAN I HAVE THAT BLACK PONY?

I ALREADY TOLD YOU, BOY... THE ANSWER IS **NO!**

NOW YOU GO AND FIND SOMETHING TO DO... I'M BUSY!

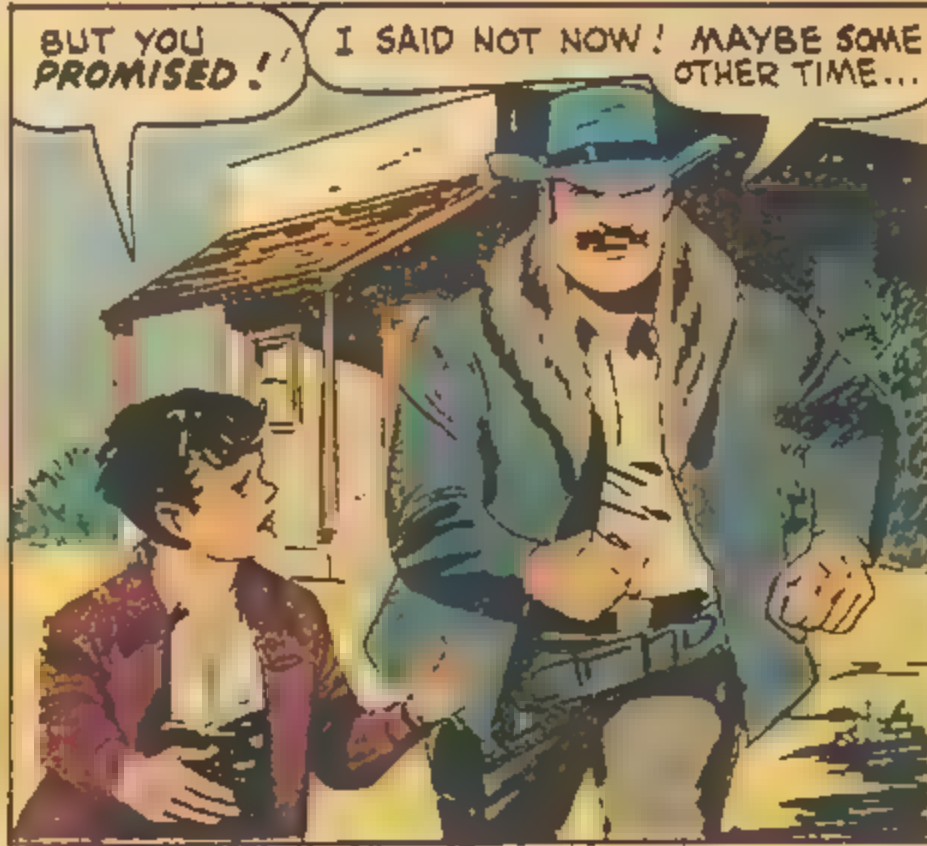
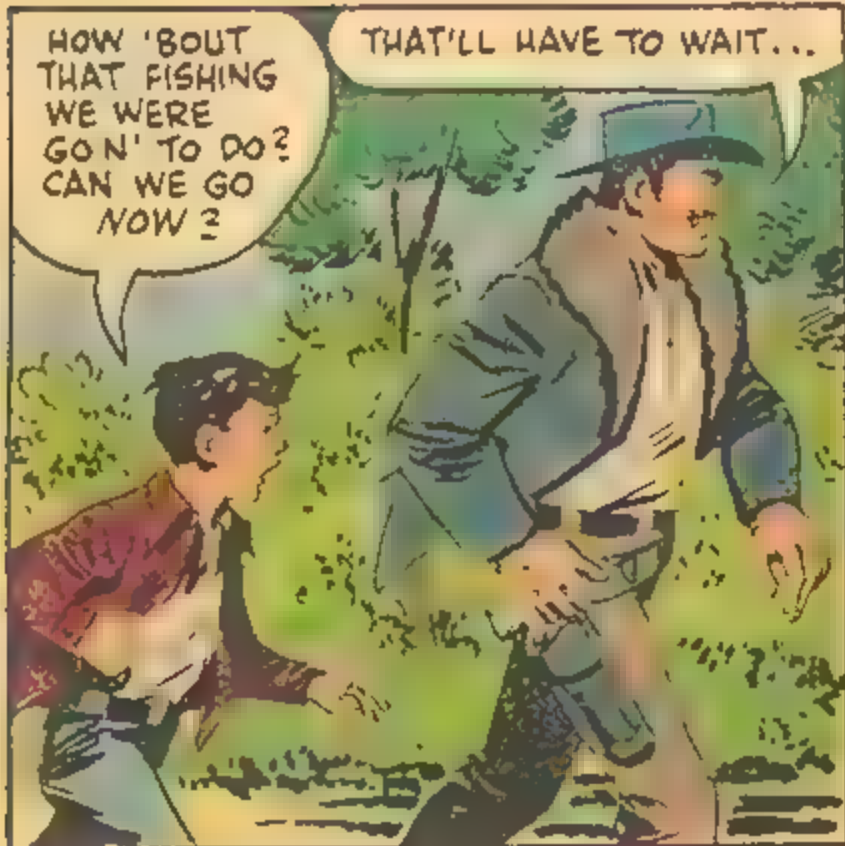


HOW 'BOUT THAT FISHING WE WERE GOIN' TO DO? CAN WE GO NOW?

THAT'LL HAVE TO WAIT...

BUT YOU **PROMISED!**

I SAID NOT NOW! MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME...

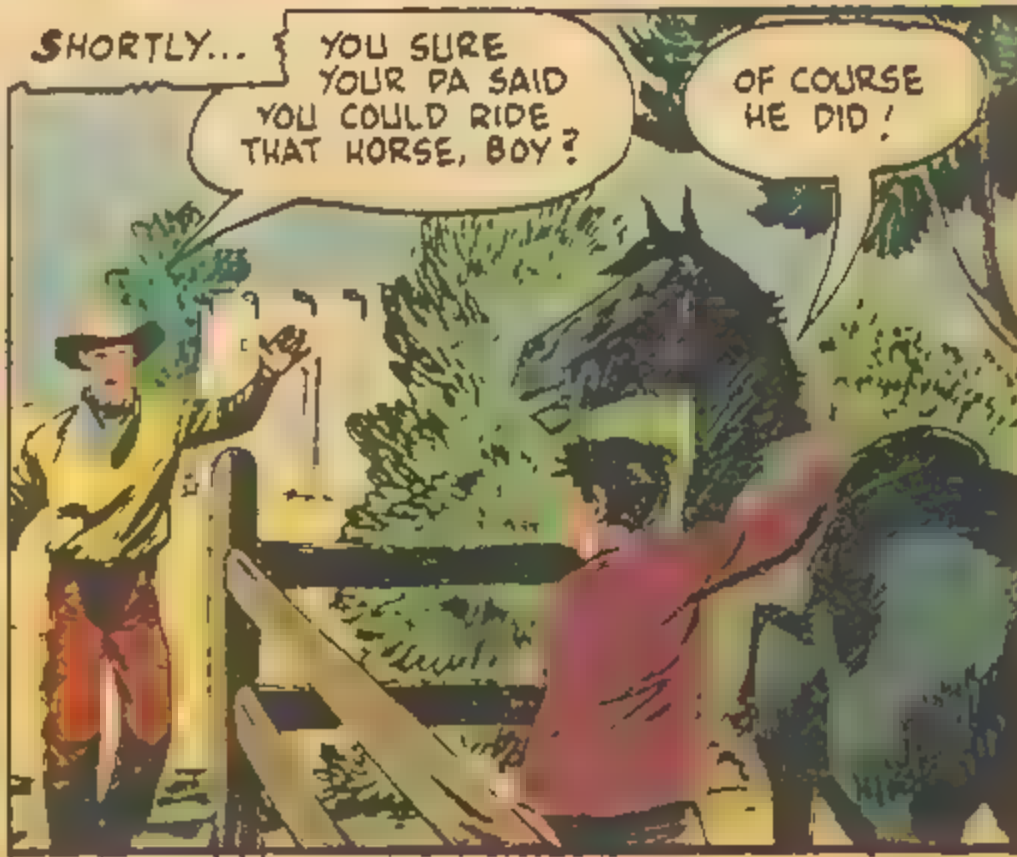
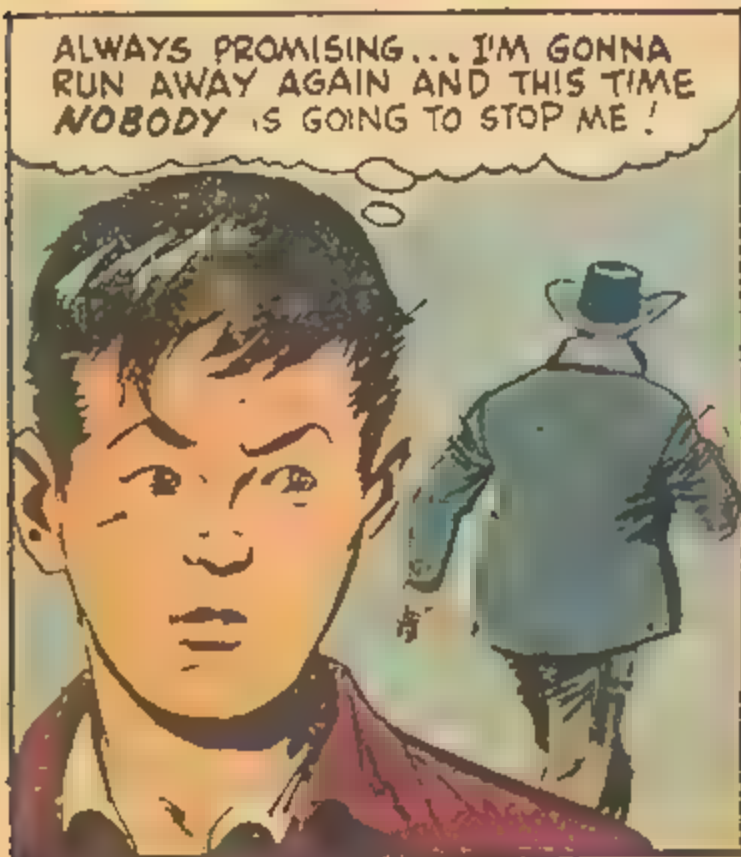


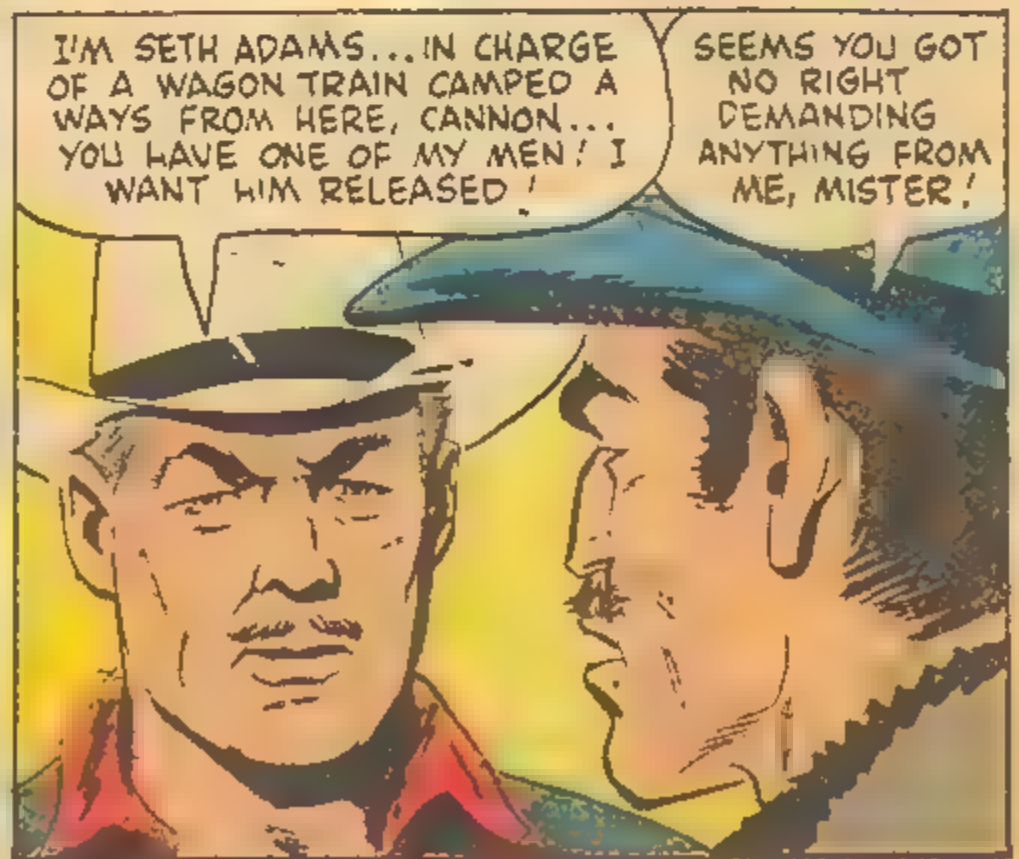
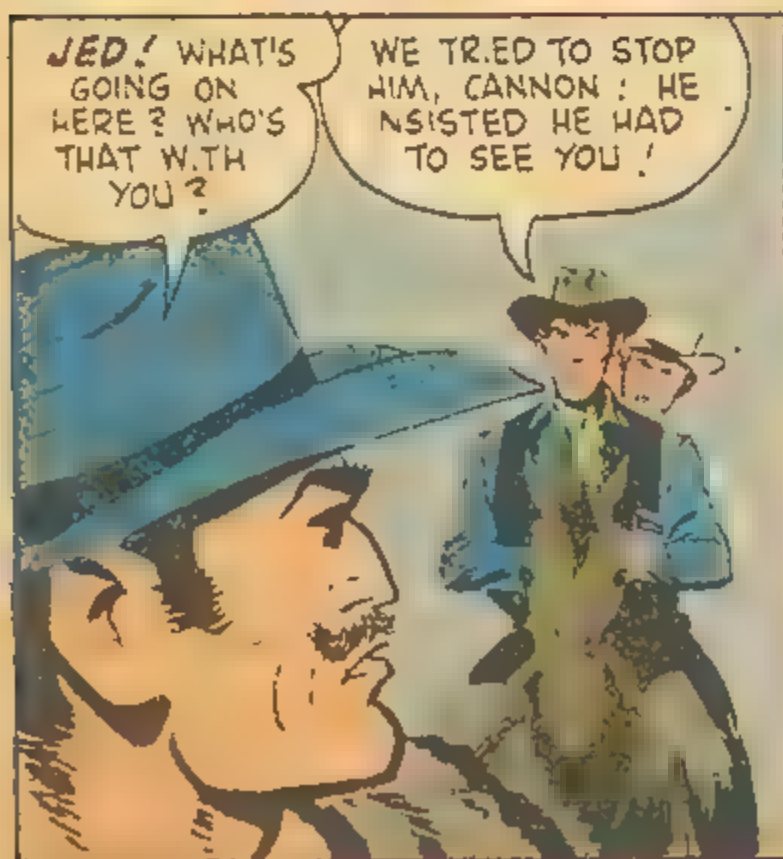
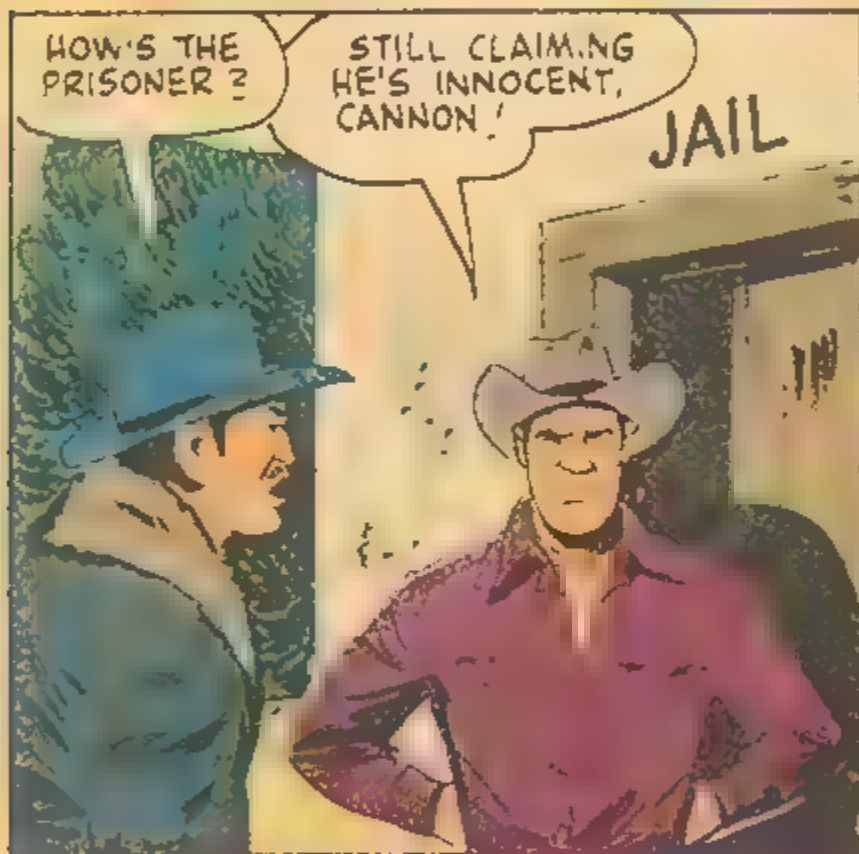
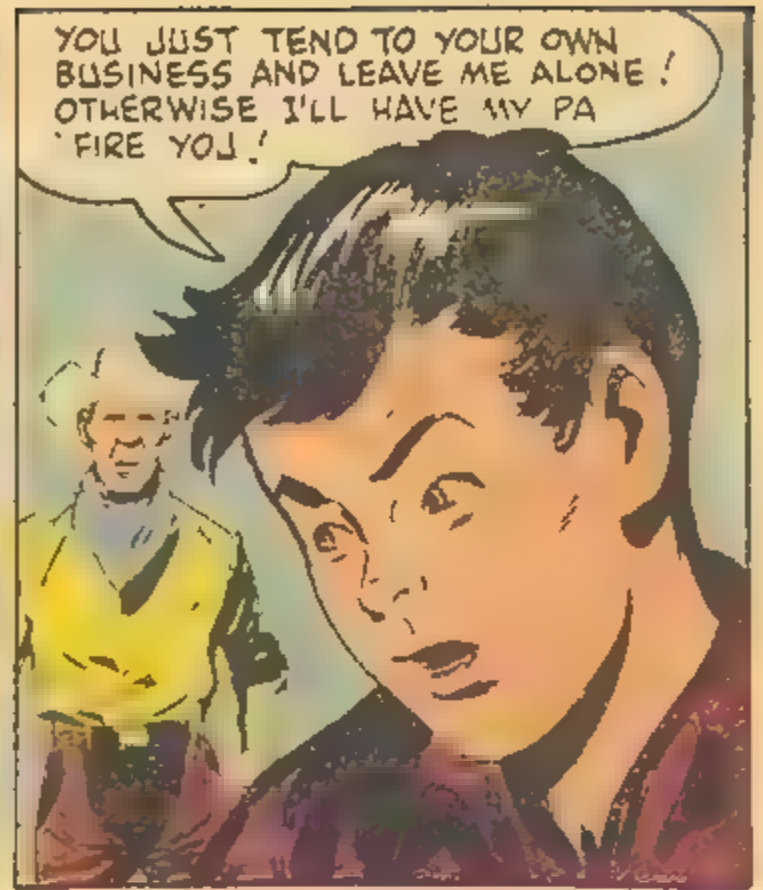
ALWAYS PROMISING... I'M GONNA RUN AWAY AGAIN AND THIS TIME **NOBODY** IS GOING TO STOP ME!

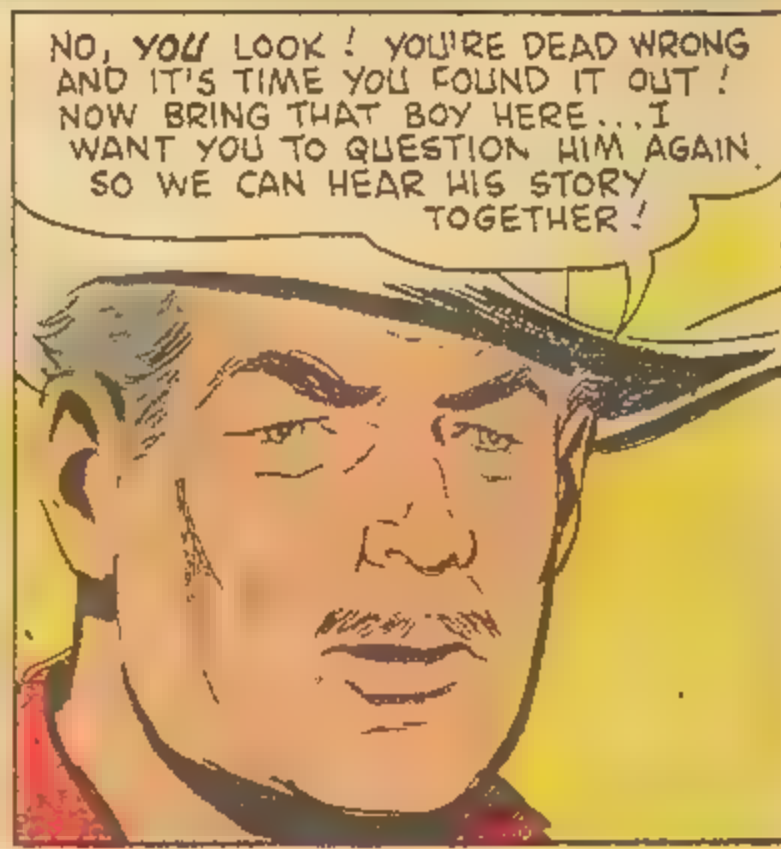
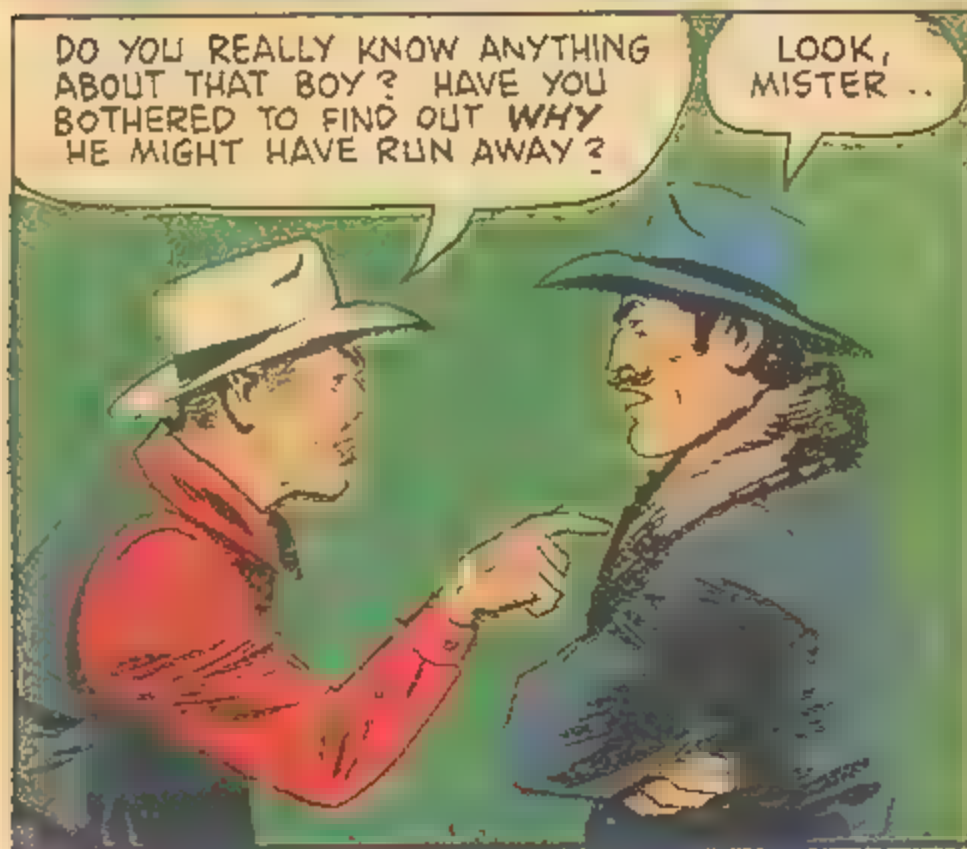
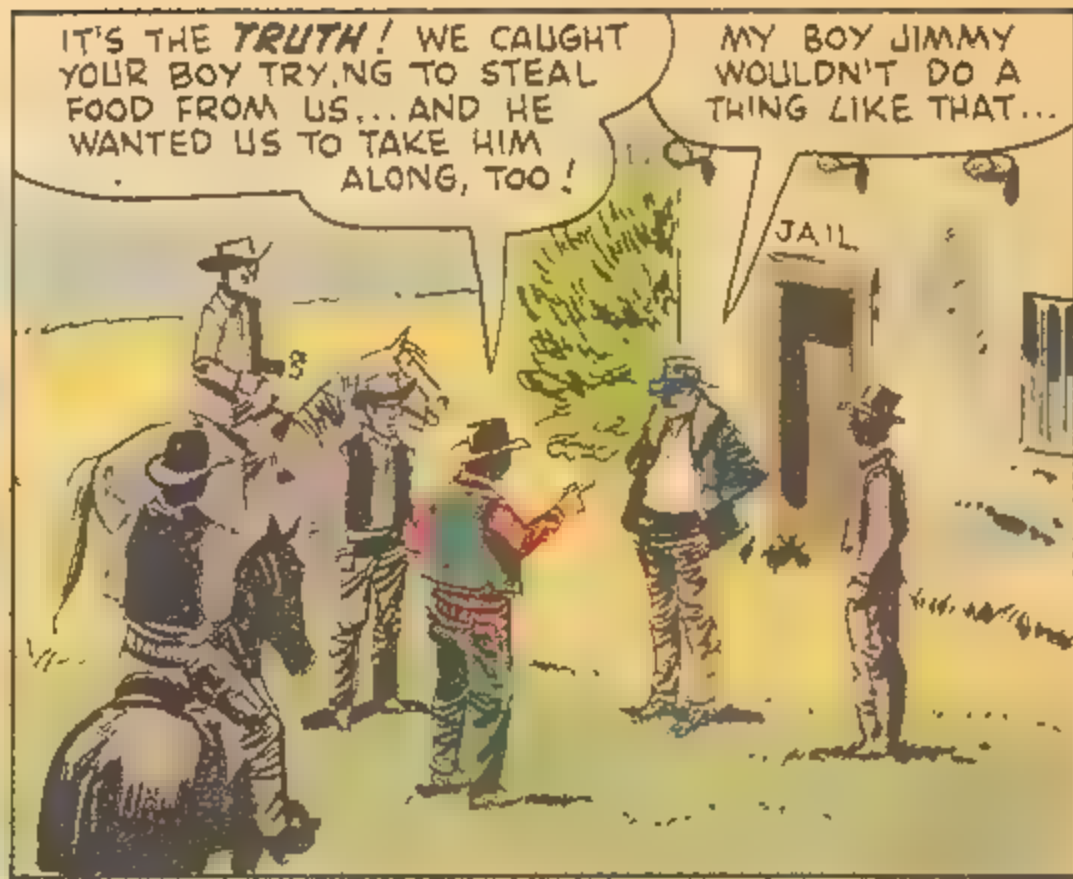
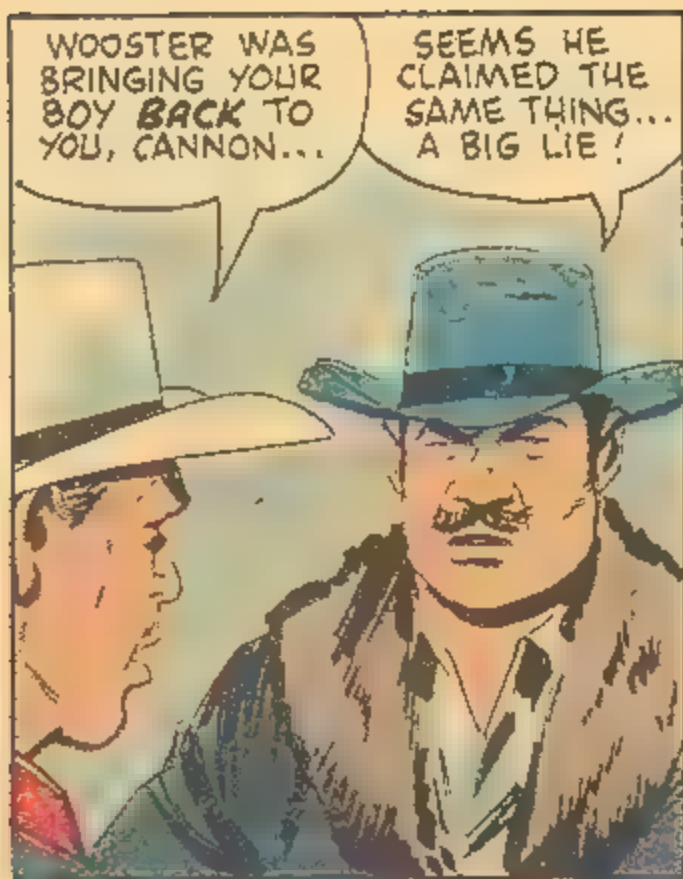
SHORTLY...

YOU SURE YOUR PA SAID YOU COULD RIDE THAT HORSE, BOY?

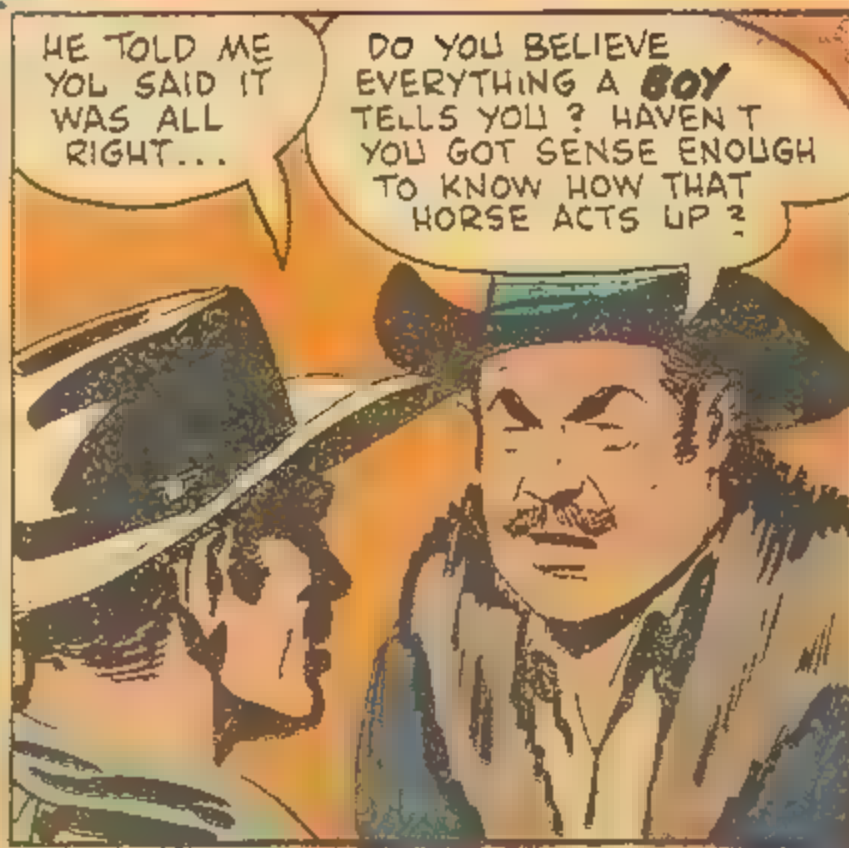
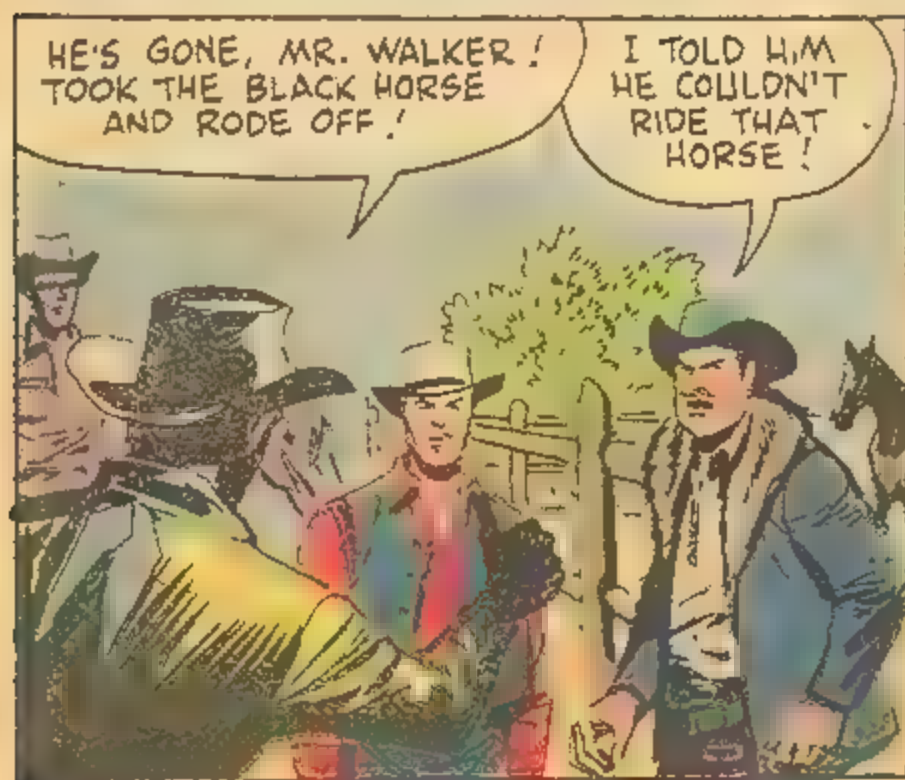
OF COURSE HE DID!

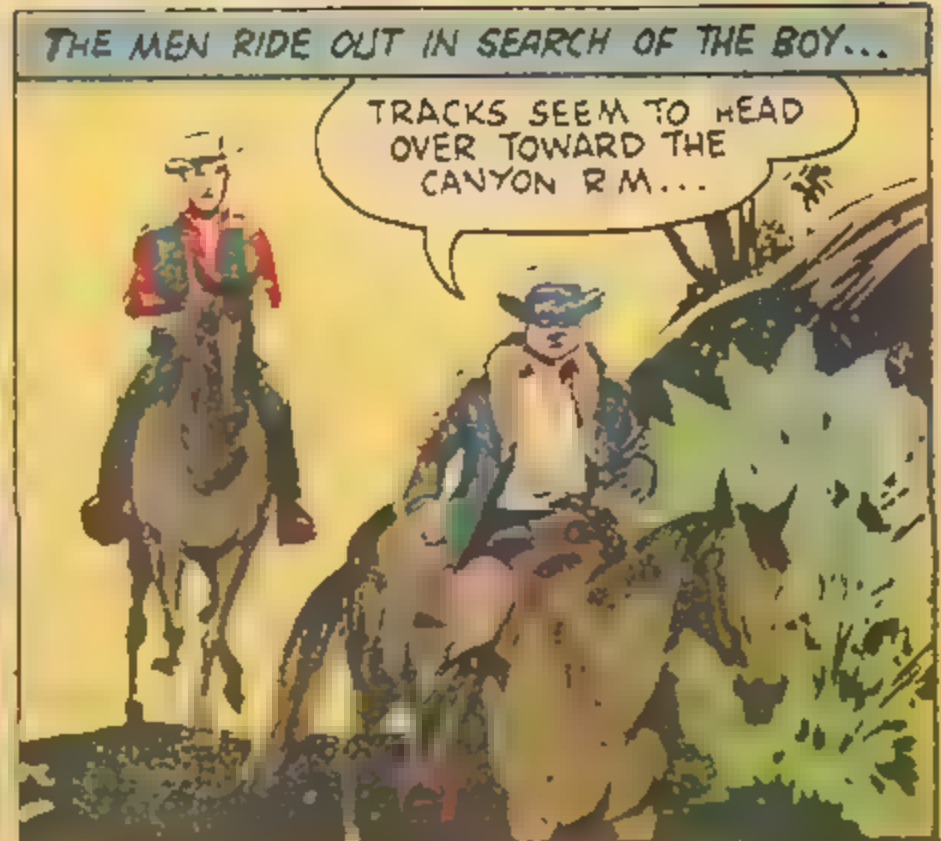
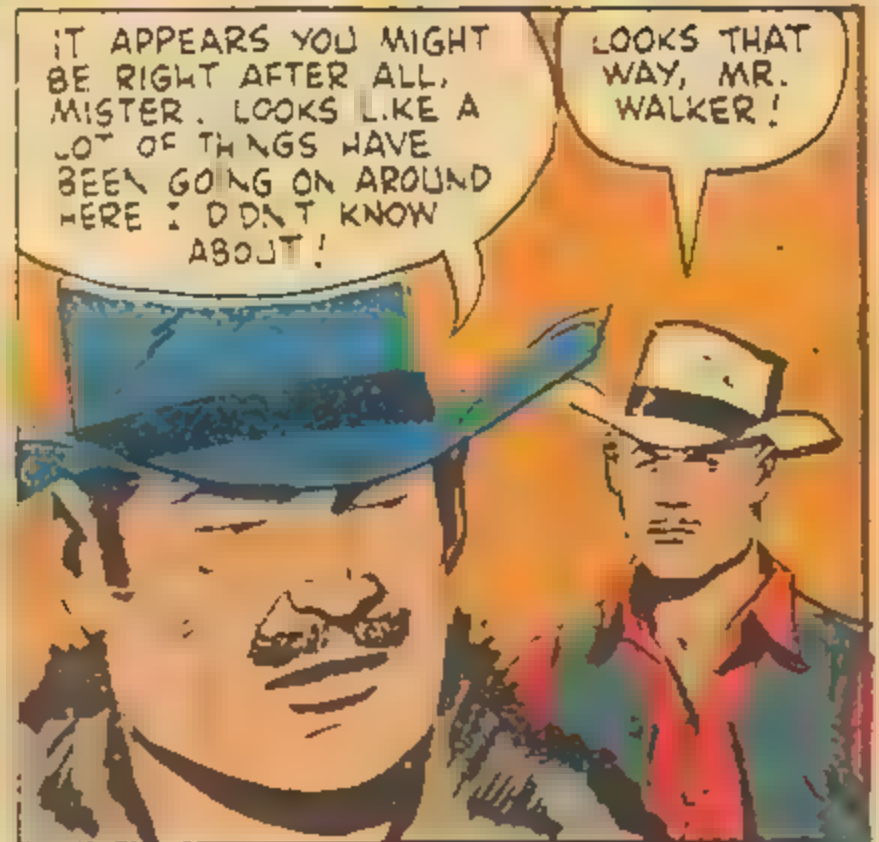
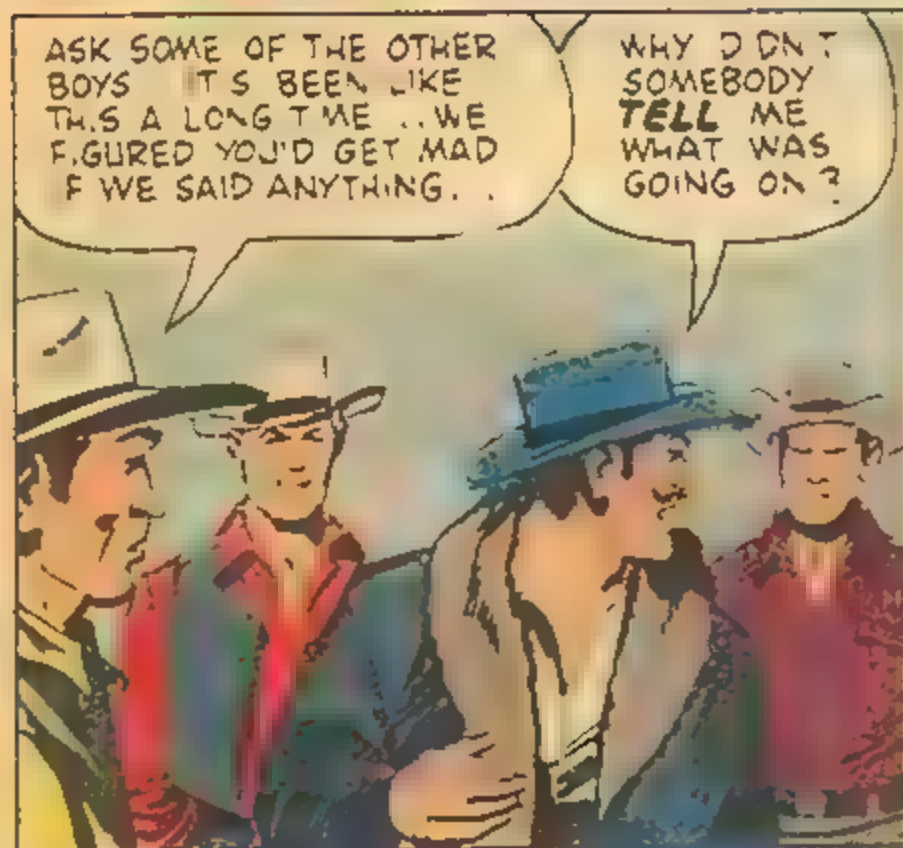
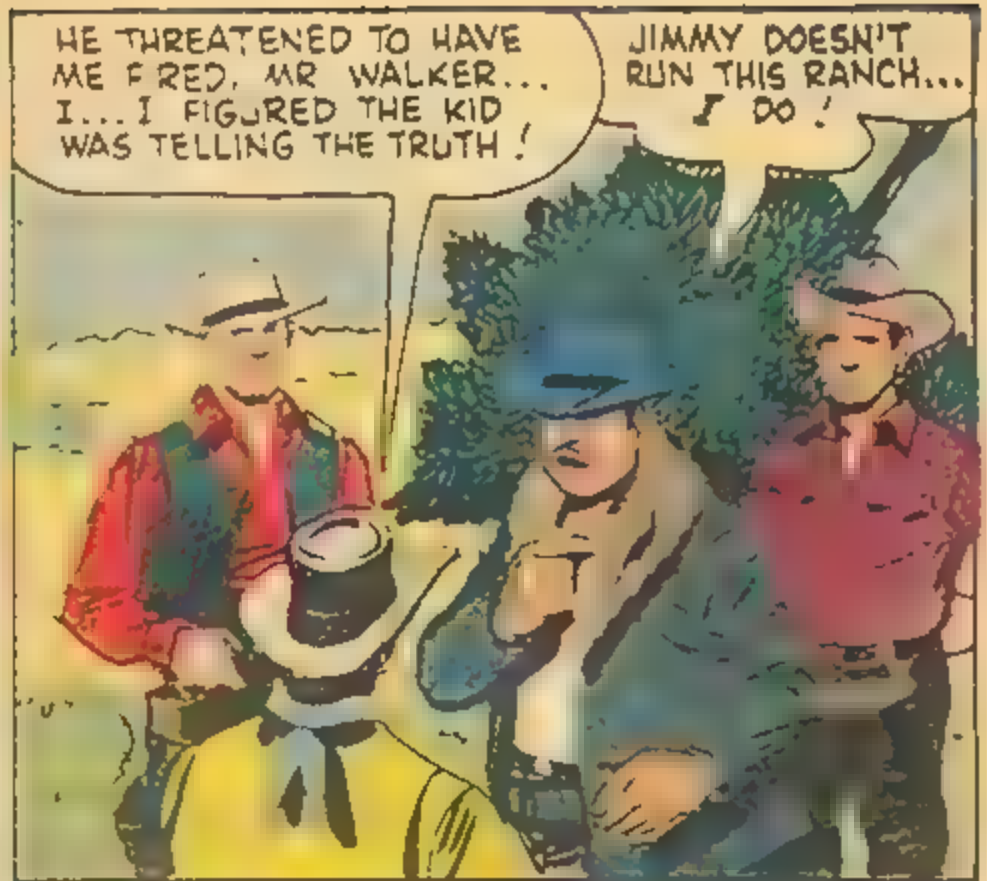






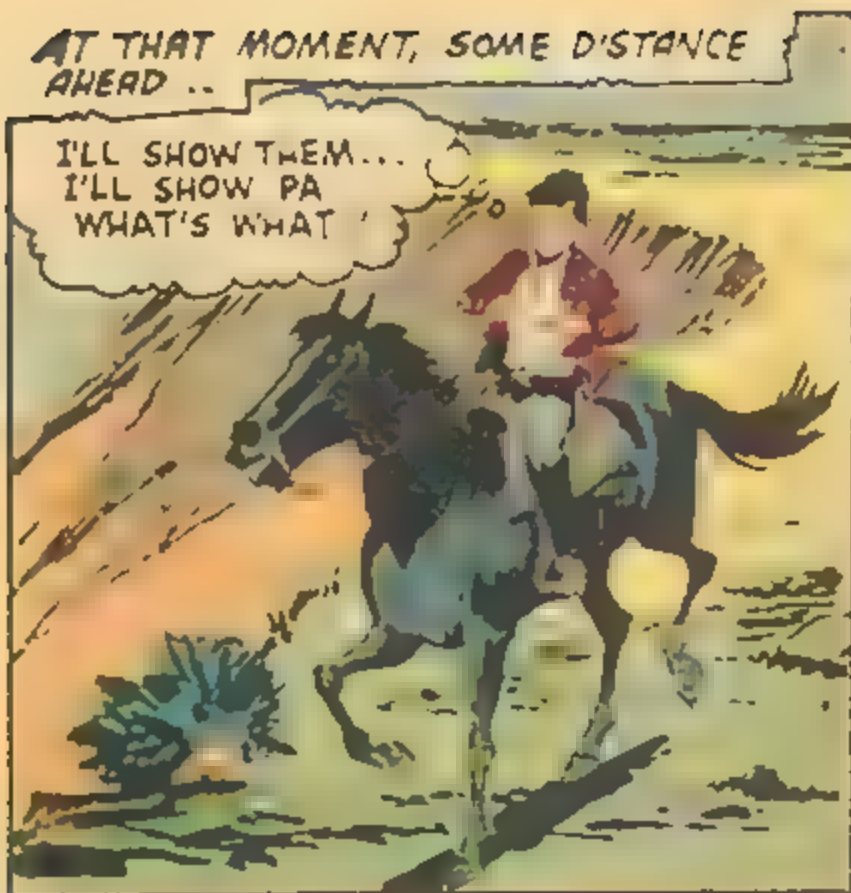
CANNON AGREES AND GOES TO FIND JIMMY...





AT THAT MOMENT, SOME DISTANCE
AHEAD ..

I'LL SHOW THEM...
I'LL SHOW PA
WHAT'S WHAT



SUDDENLY THE
HORSE REARS

HEY!



YEEE-OOW!

CRACK!



FORTUNATELY, A LEDGE BREAKS - MARY'S FALL ..

HELP! HELP!



A SHORT TIME LATER. .

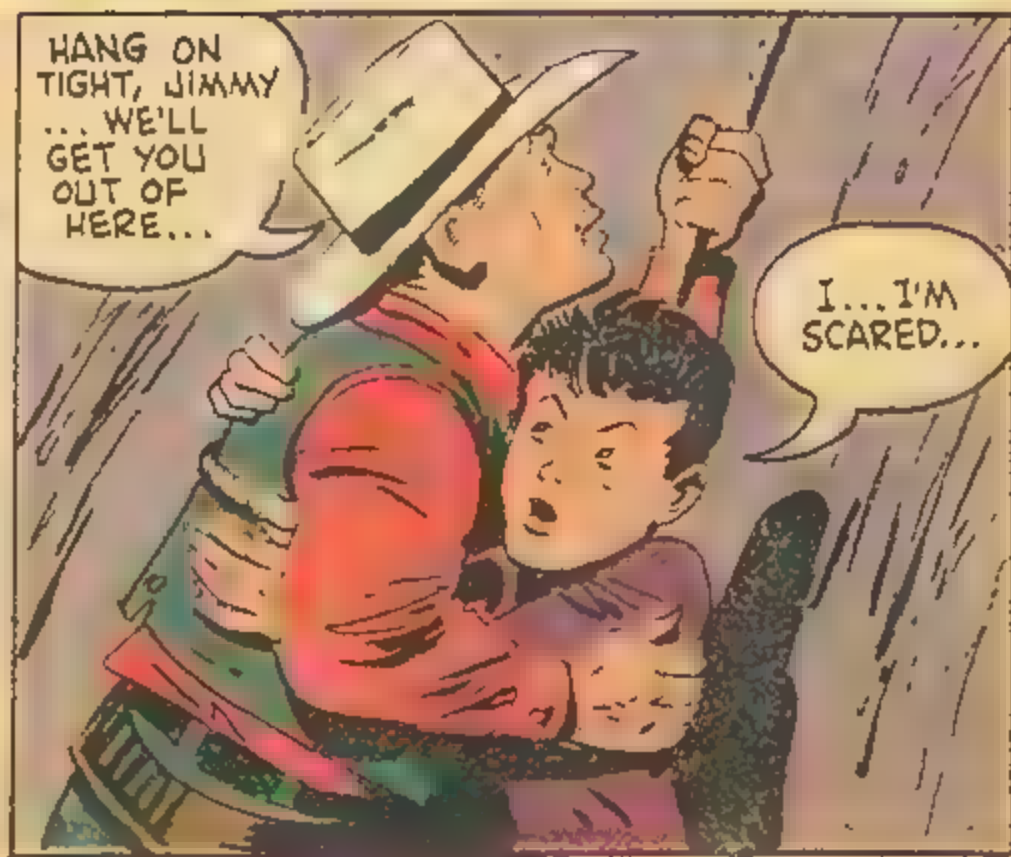
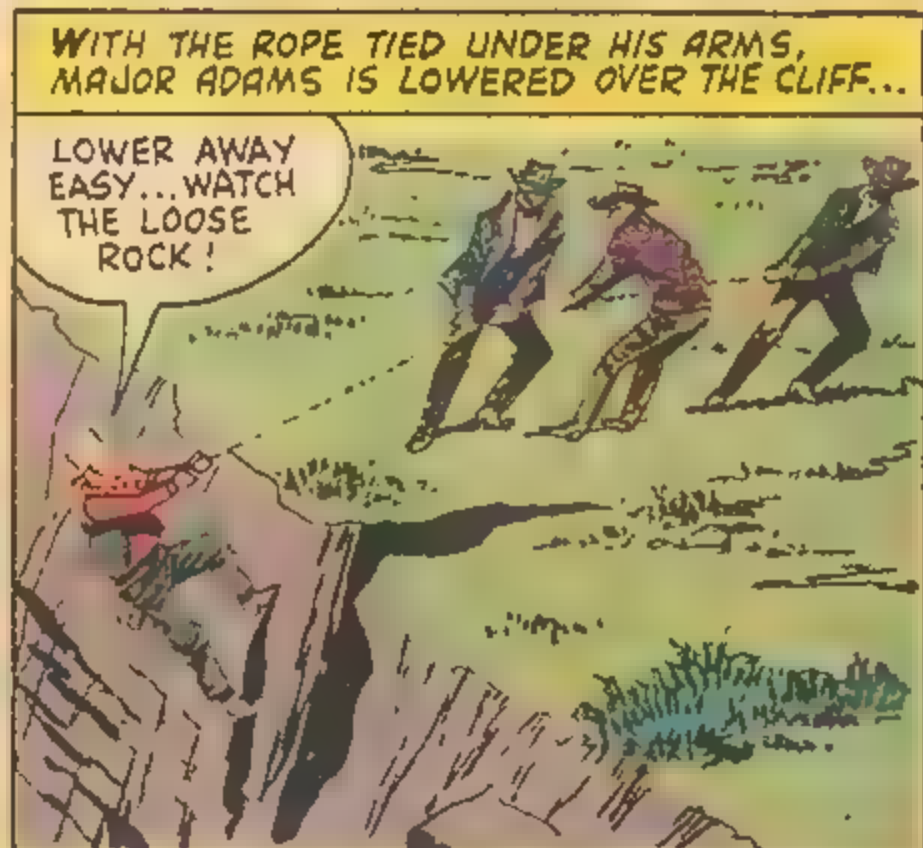
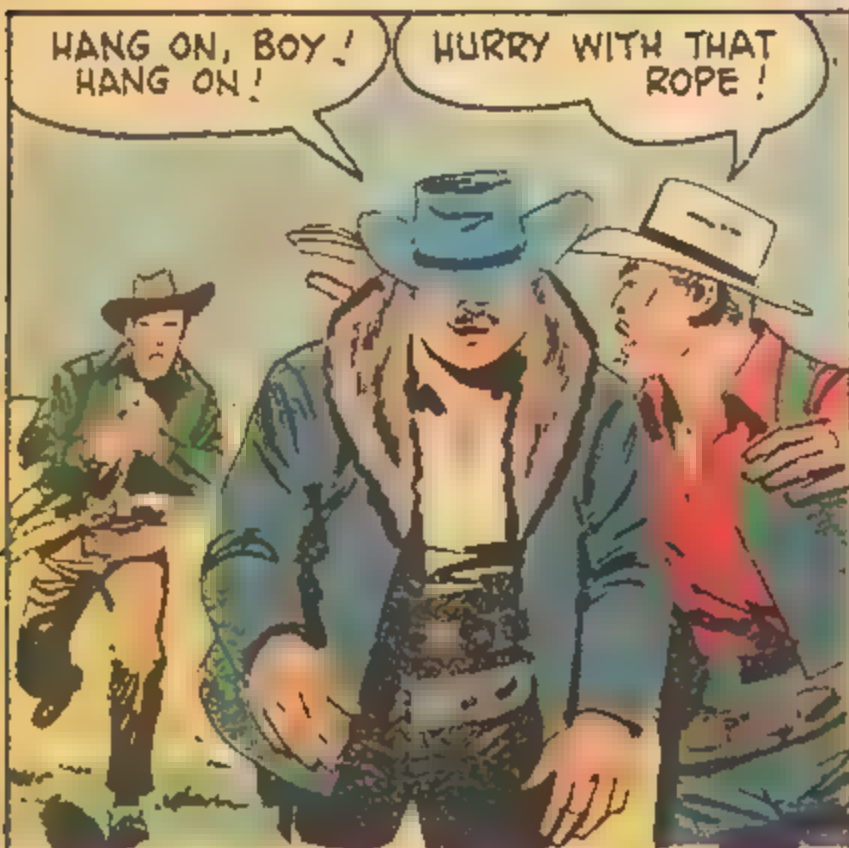
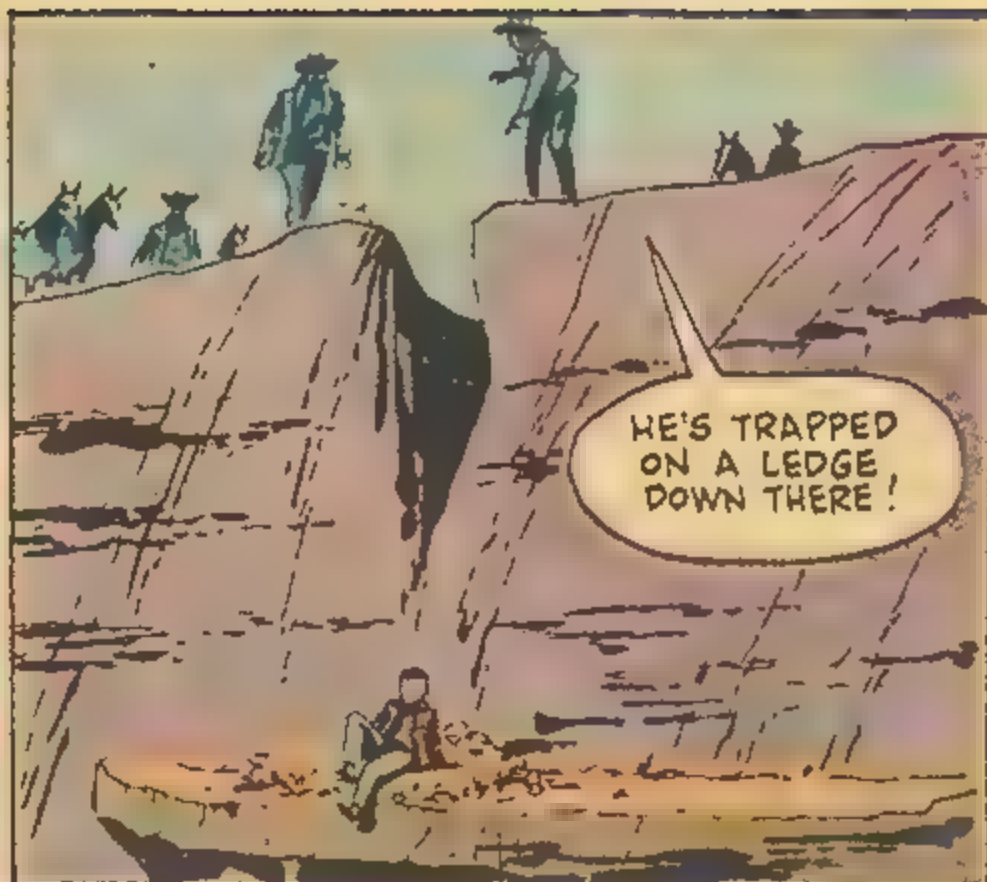
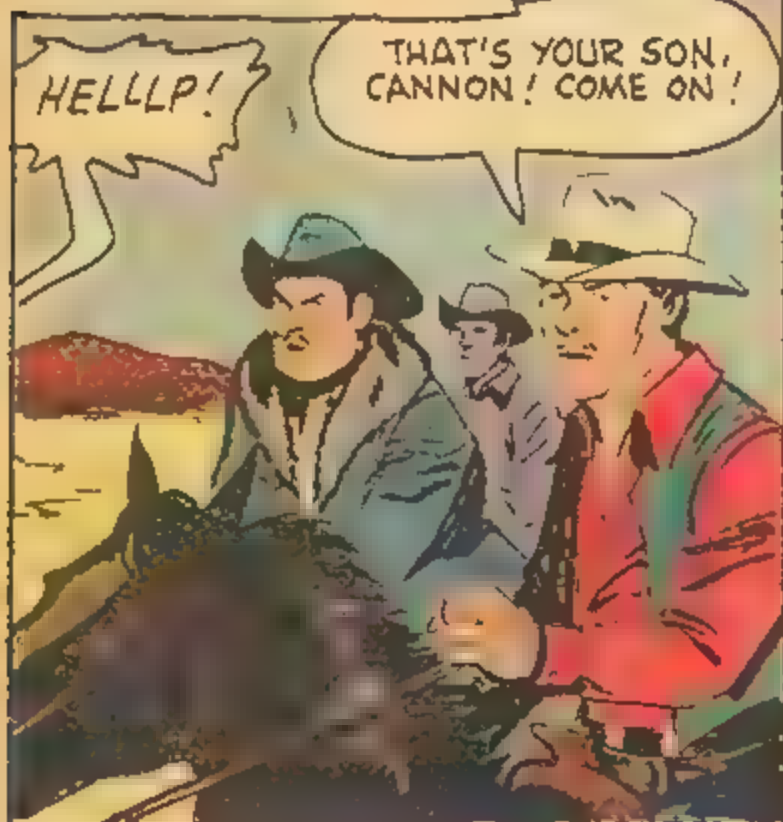
IT'S THE BLACK HORSE,
RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF
THE CLIFF

WHERE'S
MARY?

HELP!



AS THE MEN REIN IN...



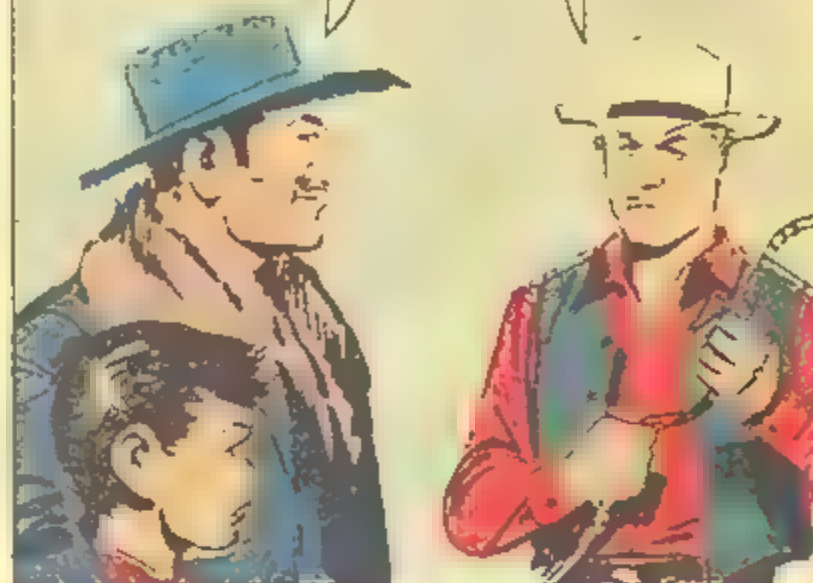
THE MAN AND
BOY ARE
PULLED TO
SAFETY...



SOON...

I OWE YOU
A LOT, ADAMS
THANKS FOR
WHAT YOU DID!

I JUST HOPE
THE BOY LEARNED
SOMETHING FROM
ALL THIS !..

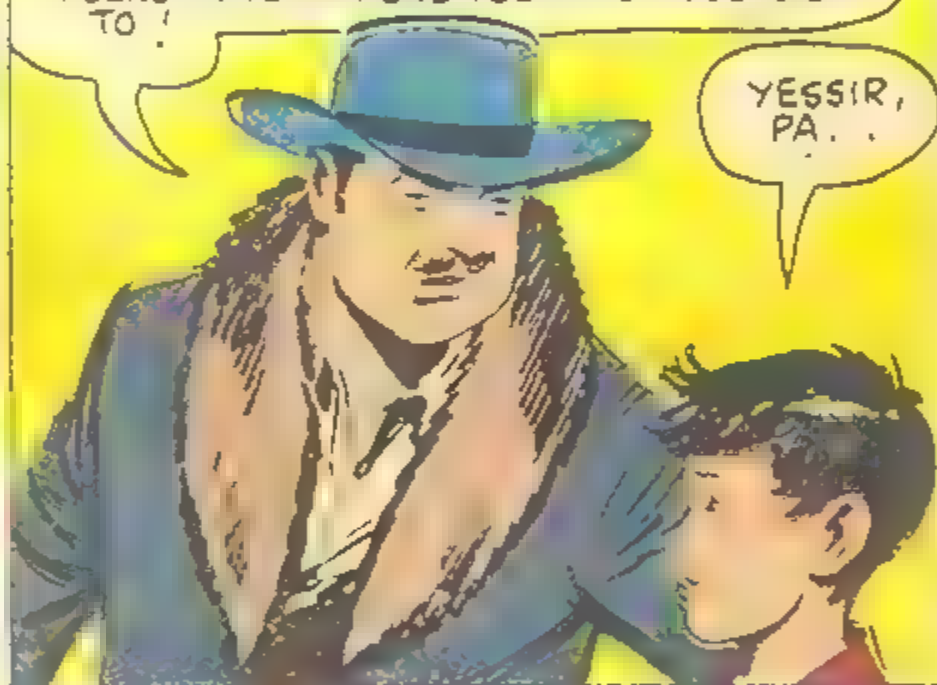


I KNOW **I'VE** LEARNED A LOT ..I'VE
NEGLECTED MY DUTIES AS A FATHER,
AND I HAVE A LOT OF THINGS TO DO
TO GET THINGS ON THE RIGHT TRACK
AGAIN



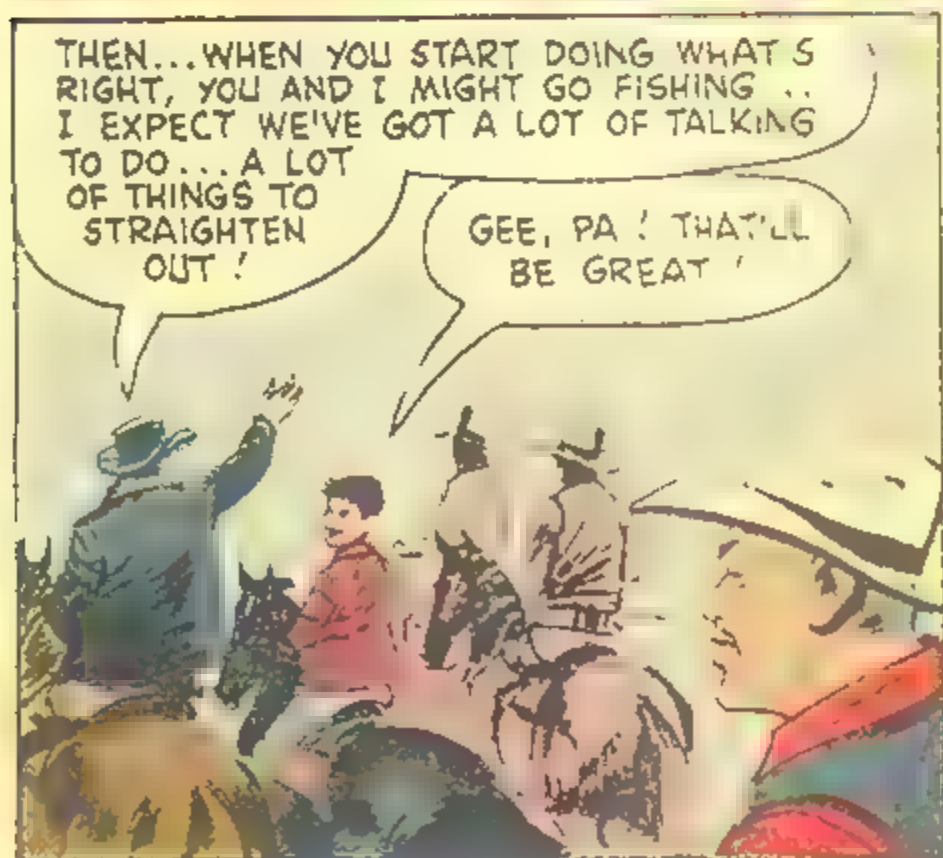
FIRST OFF, BOY, YOU'RE GOING TO
APOLOGIZE TO MR. WOOSTER ' AND
I EXPECT THERE ARE A LOT OF OTHER
FOLKS AROUND HERE YOU OWE APOLOGIES
TO !

YESSIR,
PA..



THEN...WHEN YOU START DOING WHAT'S
RIGHT, YOU AND I MIGHT GO FISHING ..
I EXPECT WE'VE GOT A LOT OF TALKING
TO DO... A LOT
OF THINGS TO
STRAIGHTEN
OUT !

GEE, PA ! THAT'LL
BE GREAT !



LATER, THE MAJOR AND WOOSTER RIDE
BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN...

WHAT CAME OVER THAT
YOUNGSTER, MAJOR...
WHY HE ACTED ALMOST
LIKE A **REAL BOY** !

THAT'S BECAUSE
HE JUST FOUND
HIMSELF A
REAL FATHER !



FIDGETY TENDERFOOT



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The young man stopped at the blacksmith shop and timidly asked the smith if it would be all right if he stood in the shade of the building for a little while. The big man at the anvil nodded, and the other put his valise down. He was plainly an easterner. Nervously he mopped his brow, shifted his feet, examined his fingernails, and looked up and down the main street of the little cow town. Then he glanced at the blacksmith again and said, "Sure is hot."

The big man cut a glance at him, nodded, and hammered on a horseshoe.

The young man waited for the hammering to stop, then said, "I walked all the way up from the depot." He smiled. Frowned. "I'm to meet a man here." He fidgeted in embarrassment. "I'm going to marry his daughter."

The blacksmith moved to his forge and back without a comment.

"The girl's name is Mary," the young man continued. "Wonderful girl." He mopped his face again. "She lives in this town." He brushed at his sleeve. "I've got the ring in my valise there. I met Mary in school back East, and we decided to get married when I got going on a steady job. I've got it. Been on it a year."

The smith hammered on another horseshoe.

When he could be heard, the young man said, "I came a long way to get married. From Philadelphia. Mary wrote me to come to this shop. Said I'd meet her father if I waited here, and he and I could get acquainted. She said she'd be here in a little while after my train got in." Again he looked up and down the street. "I don't know why she didn't just meet me at the train. I wonder if maybe the reason is that her father might be . . . well . . . the kind of a man a girl wouldn't be very proud of, and that's why she wanted me to meet him first. You know,

then I could just leave on the next train . . . without seeing her . . . if I wanted to. You think she might be giving me that chance?"

The smith shrugged and dipped his horseshoe in a tub of water to cool it.

"I hope it's nothing like that," the young man said. "Because I'd never do that. I love Mary." He grinned sheepishly. "I don't know how I could ever live without her. But I guess you don't care to hear about all this."

The blacksmith nodded. "It's all right, young fellow. Go ahead and talk."

"I'm on my vacation now," the young man went on. "I've already told my boss I'm going to get married. He's going to give me a raise when I get back." He chuckled. "You know something; I thought about trying to make a big splash when I meet Mary's dad. You know . . . dress all up, brag about my job. Lie to him a little, maybe, about how much money I make." He shook his head. "But I couldn't do it. Mary has been fair with me right along. True and honest, she is. And I've been fair and honest with her, too. So I couldn't be any way but fair with her father, could I? That's the way I figure it. So when I meet him, I'll tell him the truth about myself. I'll tell him Mary won't have a fancy house or anything like that to start with. But I'll work hard to make a good life for us. I'll be good to her. I'll tell him that."

He half turned to once more look up and down the street, and stopped dead. Mary was standing there, not ten feet from him, smiling at him. She cried, "Tommy!" and gave a happy little shriek and was in his arms. They kissed, then she said to the big man at the anvil, "Well, what do you think of him?"

The man grinned. "He'll do."

"Oh, thanks, Dad!" she exclaimed. "I just knew you'd like him," she said, casting a side-long glance at the nervous tenderfoot.

THE BEST POLICY

GLORY BE! THERE MUST BE OVER A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN HERE

WHO DOES IT BELONG TO? ANY IDENTIFICATION?

ON THE TRAIL TO HAPSVILLE, TEXAS... HANK AND ZEKE, TWO COWBOYS A BIT DOWN ON THEIR LUCK, MAKE AN ASTOUNDING FIND...

WHO CARES? IT BELONGS TO US NOW!

NOW, ZEKE... YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT! LET ME HAVE IT! WE'LL PROBABLY FIND THE OWNER IN HAPSVILLE!

HERE'S THE NAME... CLINT DASCOMB...

HANK... ARE YOU REALLY CONSIDERING GIVING ALL THAT MONEY AWAY?

CAN'T GIVE AWAY WHAT'S NOT OURS! IF I LOST MY WALLET, I'D SURE EXPECT WHOEVER FOUND IT TO RETURN IT... IF THEY COULD!

WELL, I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT THE WAY OUR LUCK'S BEEN GOING, WE COULD SURE USE THE MONEY!

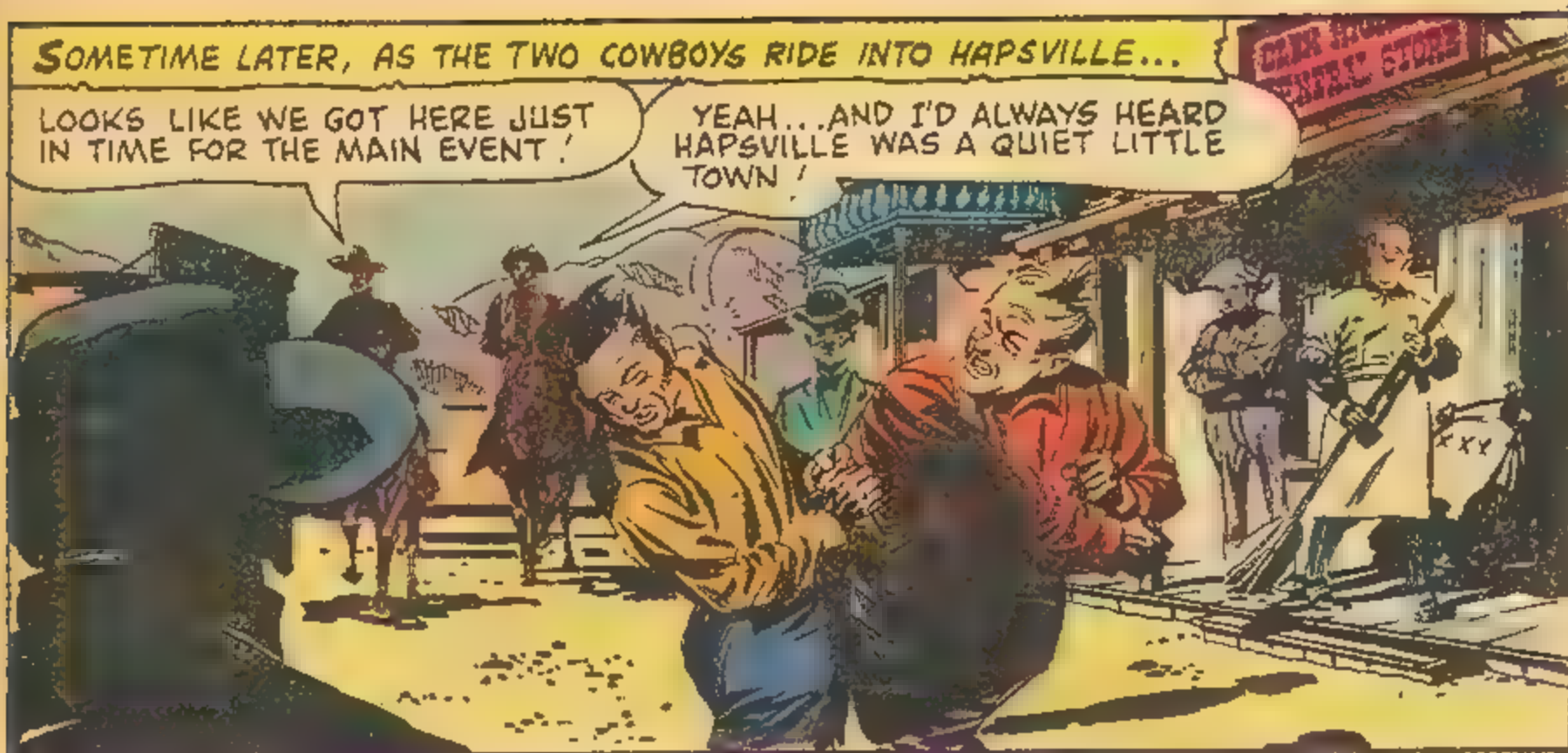
SURE WE COULD... BUT IT'S NOT RIGHT THAT WE SHOULD USE SOME ONE ELSE'S **BAD** LUCK TO CHANGE OURS!

ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE CONVINCED ME! BUT YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM HOPING WE DON'T FIND THIS DASCOMB FELLA

SOMETIME LATER, AS THE TWO COWBOYS RIDE INTO HAPSVILLE...

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME FOR THE MAIN EVENT!

YEAH...AND I'D ALWAYS HEARD HAPSVILLE WAS A QUIET LITTLE TOWN!



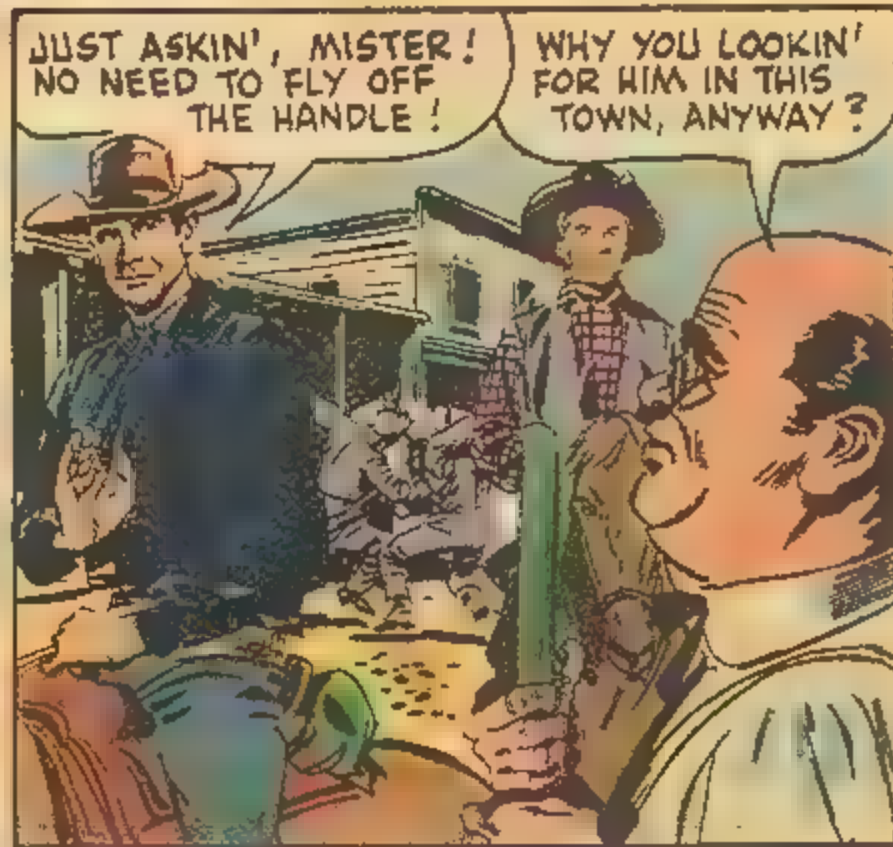
AFTERNOON, FRIEND...
WONDER IF YOU'D KNOW
A FELLA NAMED CLINT
DASCOMB?

DASCOMB! ARE
YOU SERIOUS?
WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK I'D
KNOW HIM?



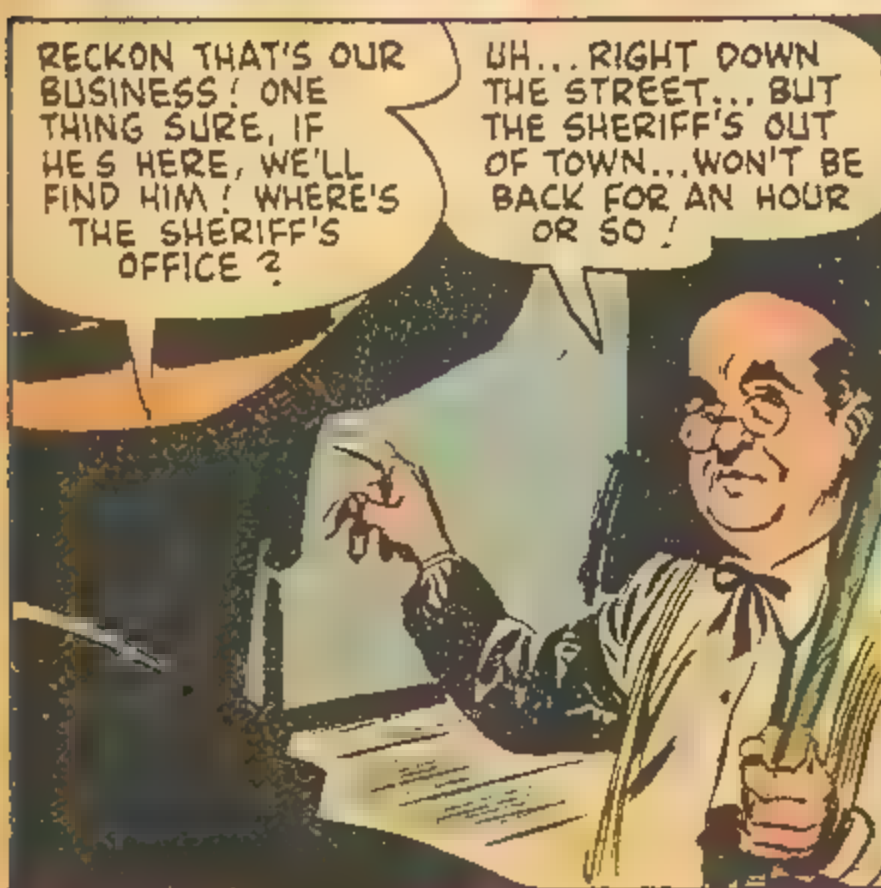
JUST ASKIN', MISTER!
NO NEED TO FLY OFF
THE HANDLE!

WHY YOU LOOKIN'
FOR HIM IN THIS
TOWN, ANYWAY?



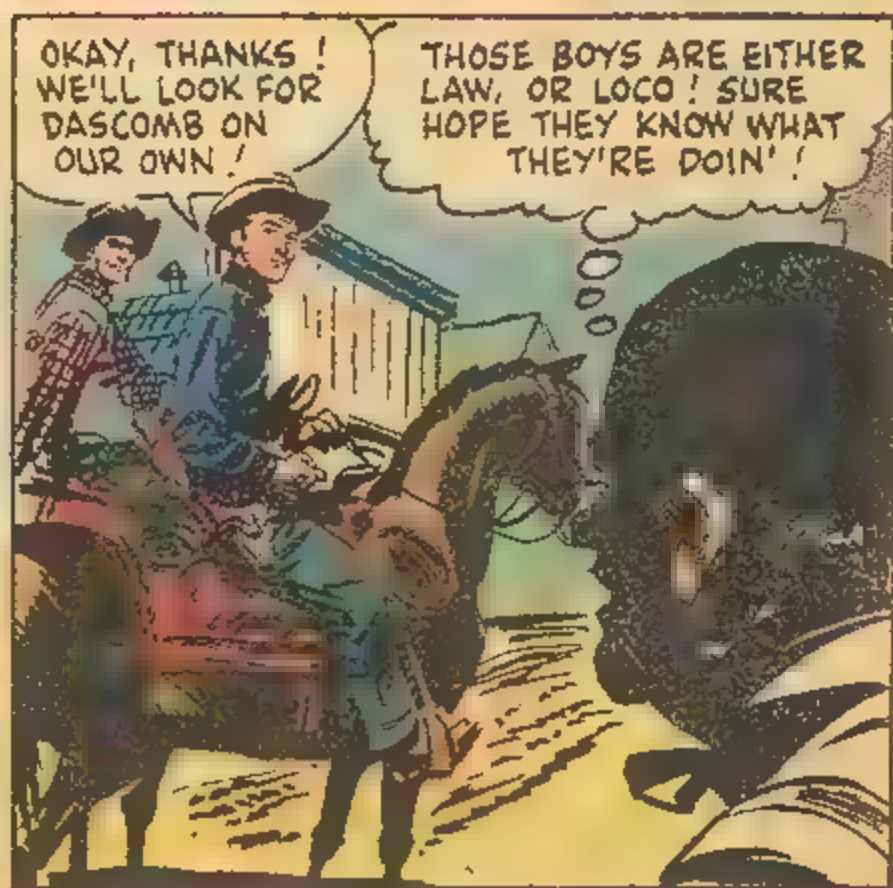
RECKON THAT'S OUR
BUSINESS! ONE
THING SURE, IF
HE'S HERE, WE'LL
FIND HIM! WHERE'S
THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE?

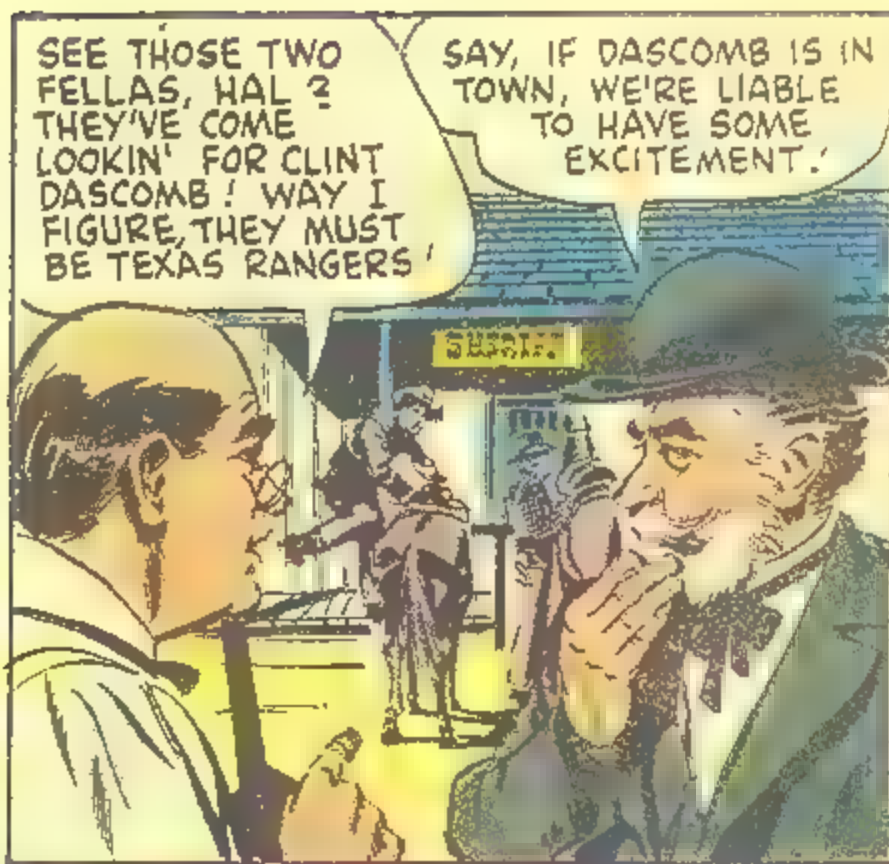
UH... RIGHT DOWN
THE STREET... BUT
THE SHERIFF'S OUT
OF TOWN... WON'T BE
BACK FOR AN HOUR
OR SO!



OKAY, THANKS!
WE'LL LOOK FOR
DASCOMB ON
OUR OWN!

THOSE BOYS ARE EITHER
LAW, OR LOCO! SURE
HOPE THEY KNOW WHAT
THEY'RE DOIN'!





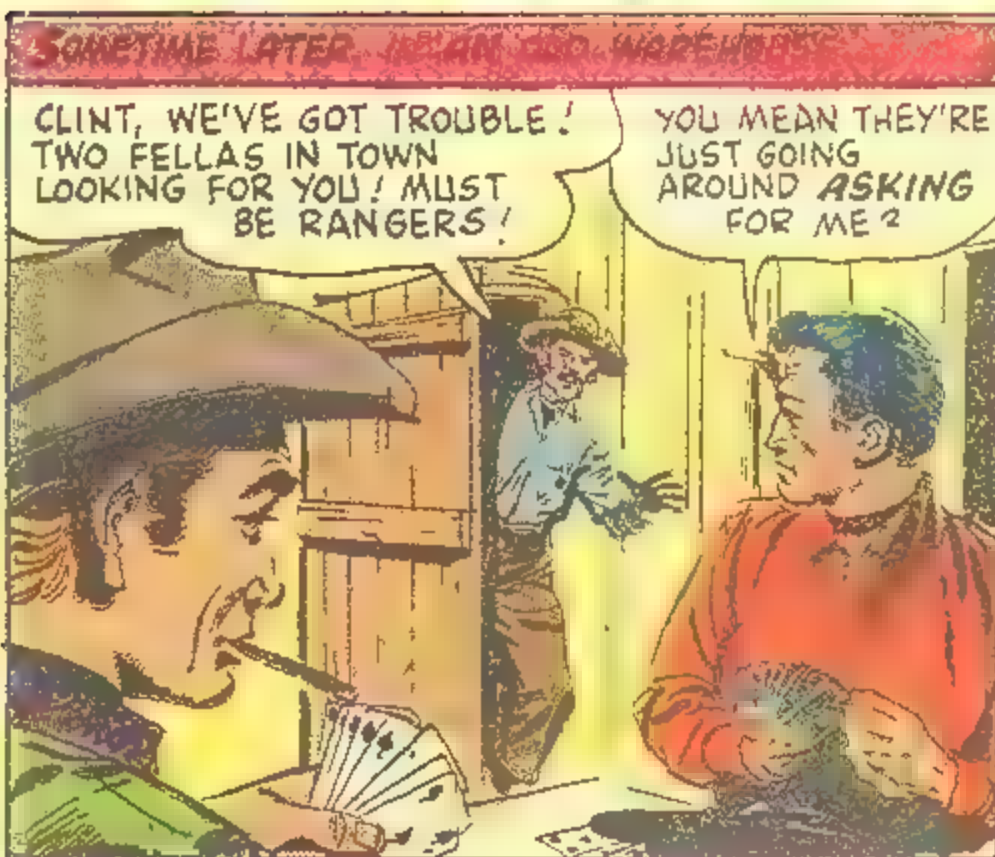
SEE THOSE TWO FELLAS, HAL? THEY'VE COME LOOKIN' FOR CLINT DASCOMB! WAY I FIGURE, THEY MUST BE TEXAS RANGERS!

SAY, IF DASCOMB IS IN TOWN, WE'RE LIABLE TO HAVE SOME EXCITEMENT!



IF WE CAN'T FIND THIS FELLA, WE'LL TURN THE WALLET OVER TO THE SHERIFF WHEN HE GETS BACK!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, HANK!



SOMETIME LATER, IN AN OLD WAREHOUSE
CLINT, WE'VE GOT TROUBLE! TWO FELLAS IN TOWN LOOKING FOR YOU! MUST BE RANGERS!

YOU MEAN THEY'RE JUST GOING AROUND ASKING FOR ME?



THAT'S RIGHT! AND THEY'RE CALM AS CACTUS! MUST BE AWFUL SURE OF THEMSELVES!

THEN LET'S 'NERVOUS' THEM UP A LITTLE AND RIDE OUT! I DON'T LIKE THIS TOWN ANYWAY!

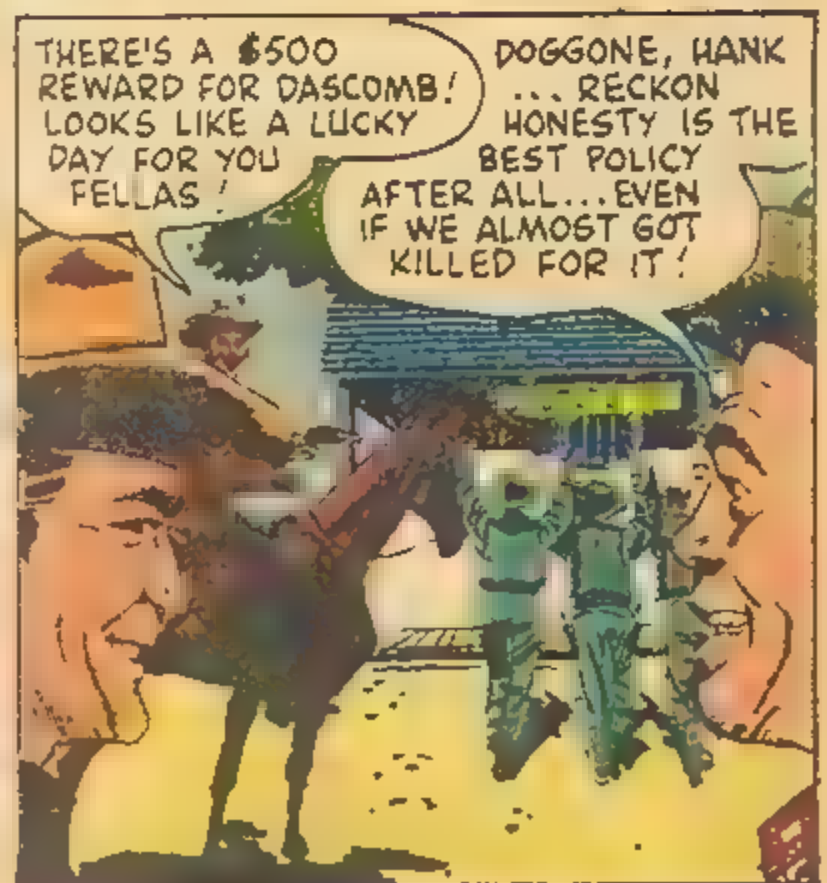
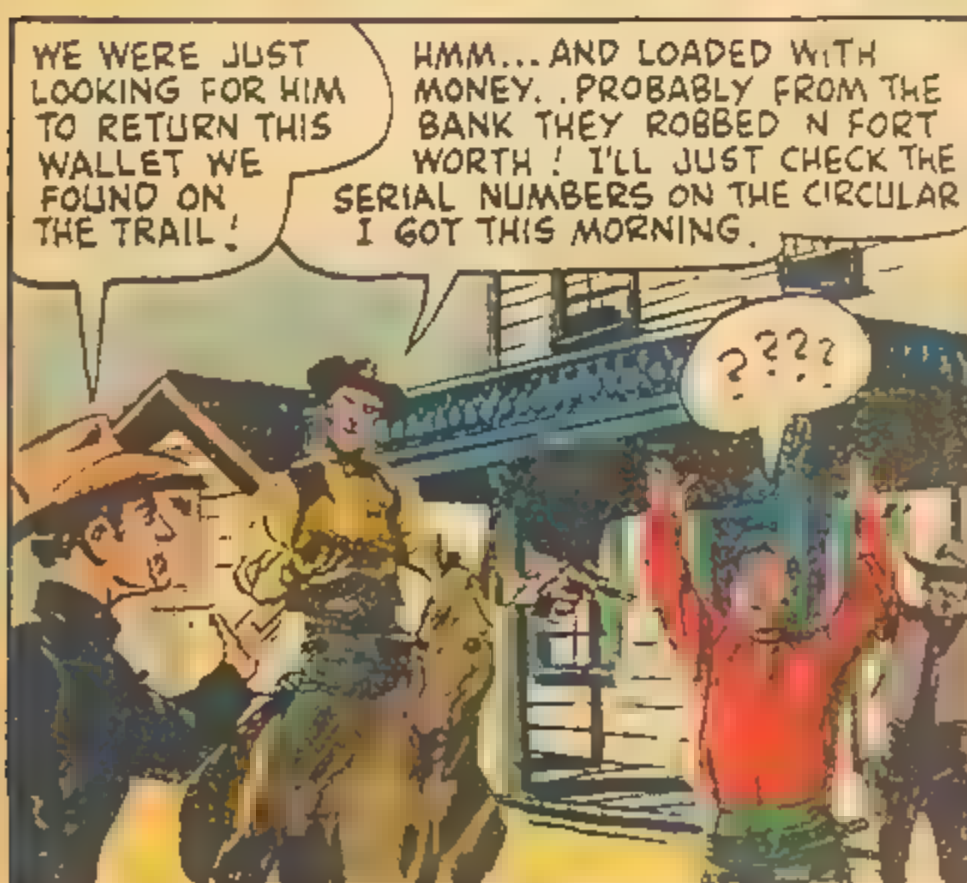
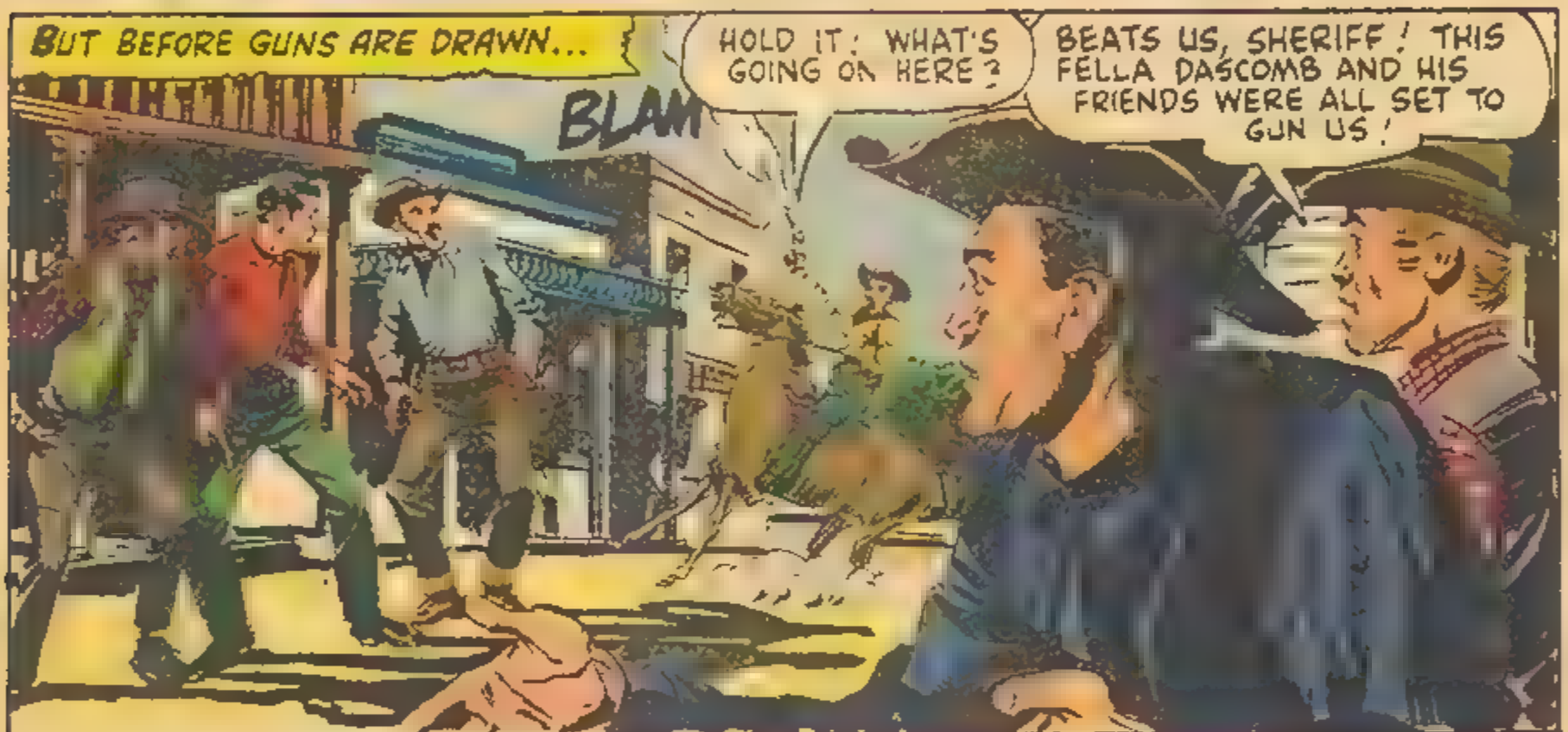
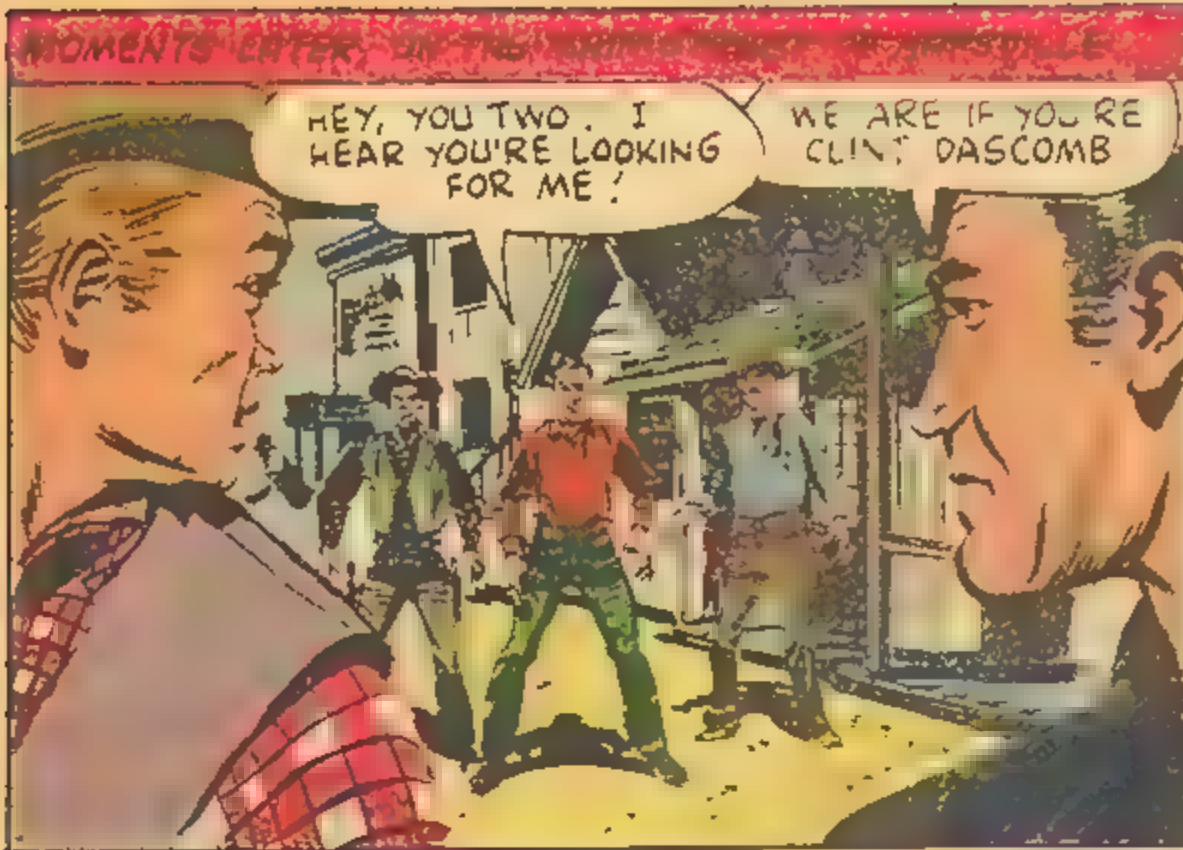


YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO CALL THEM OUT... RIGHT ON THE STREET?

WHY NOT? THERE'RE THREE OF US, ONLY TWO OF THEM! I DON'T LIKE RANGERS THIS CLOSE ON MY TRAIL!

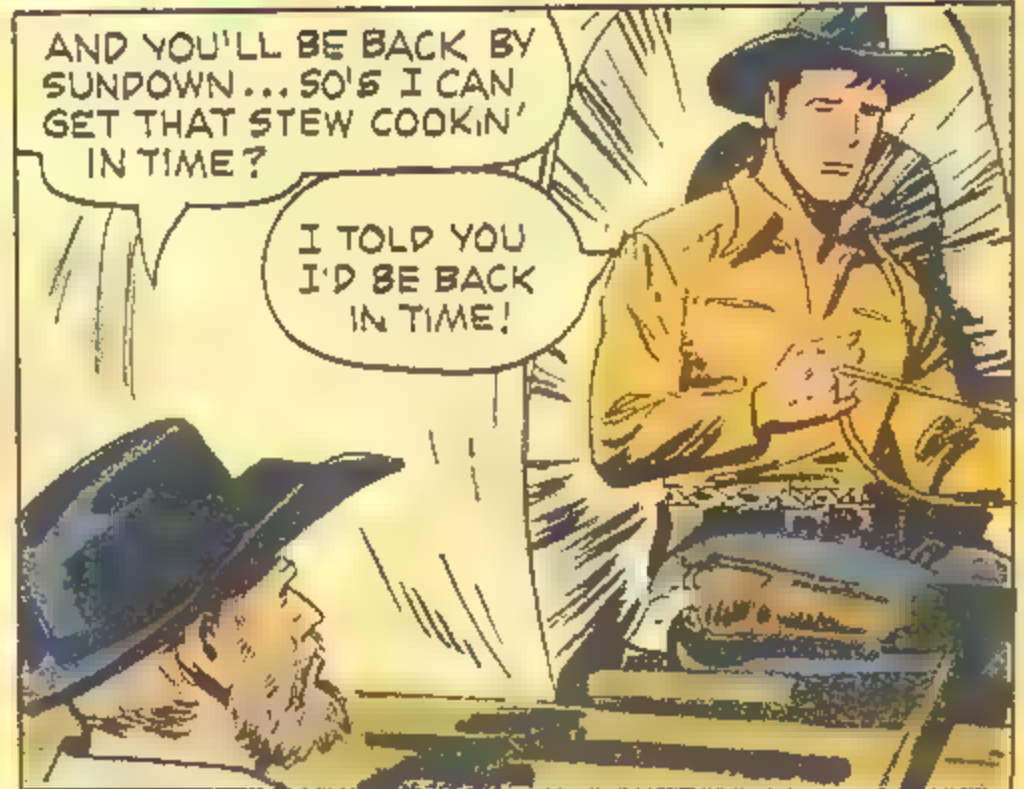
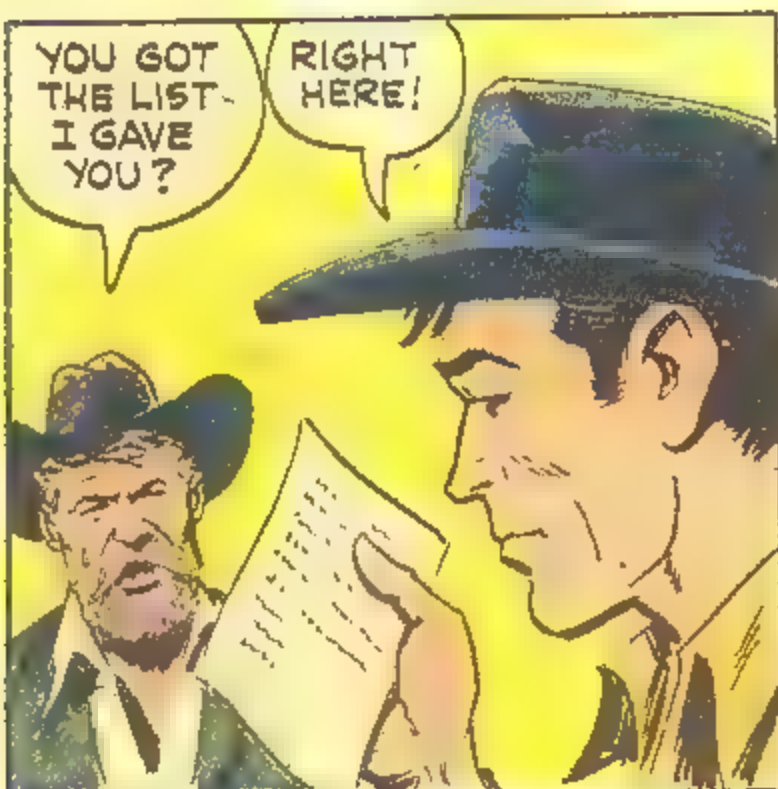


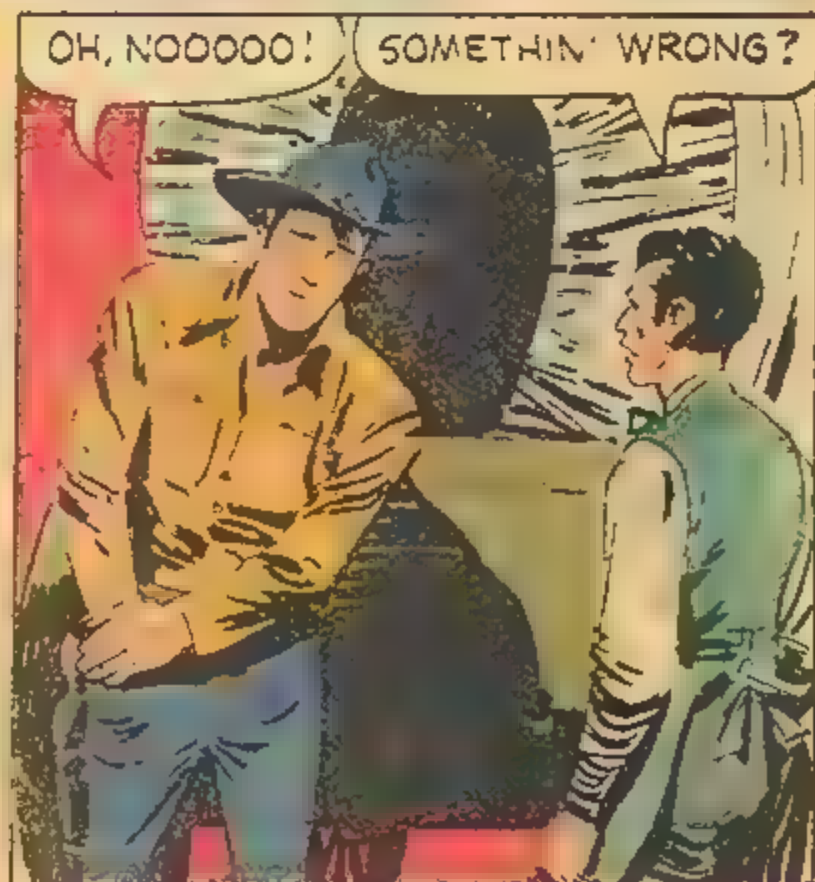
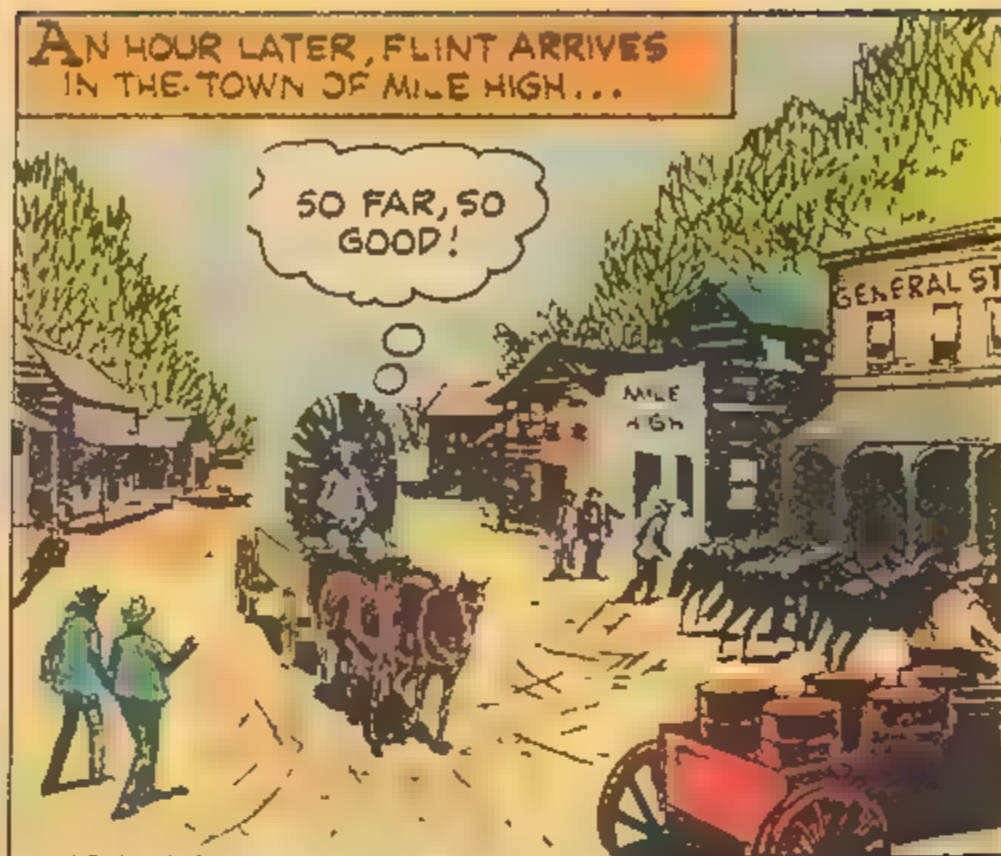
WITH THE SHERIFF OUT OF TOWN, NO ONE WILL TRY TO STOP US! AND WHEN WE LEAVE, THERE'LL BE TWO LESS RANGERS TO CLUTTER UP THE COUNTRY!

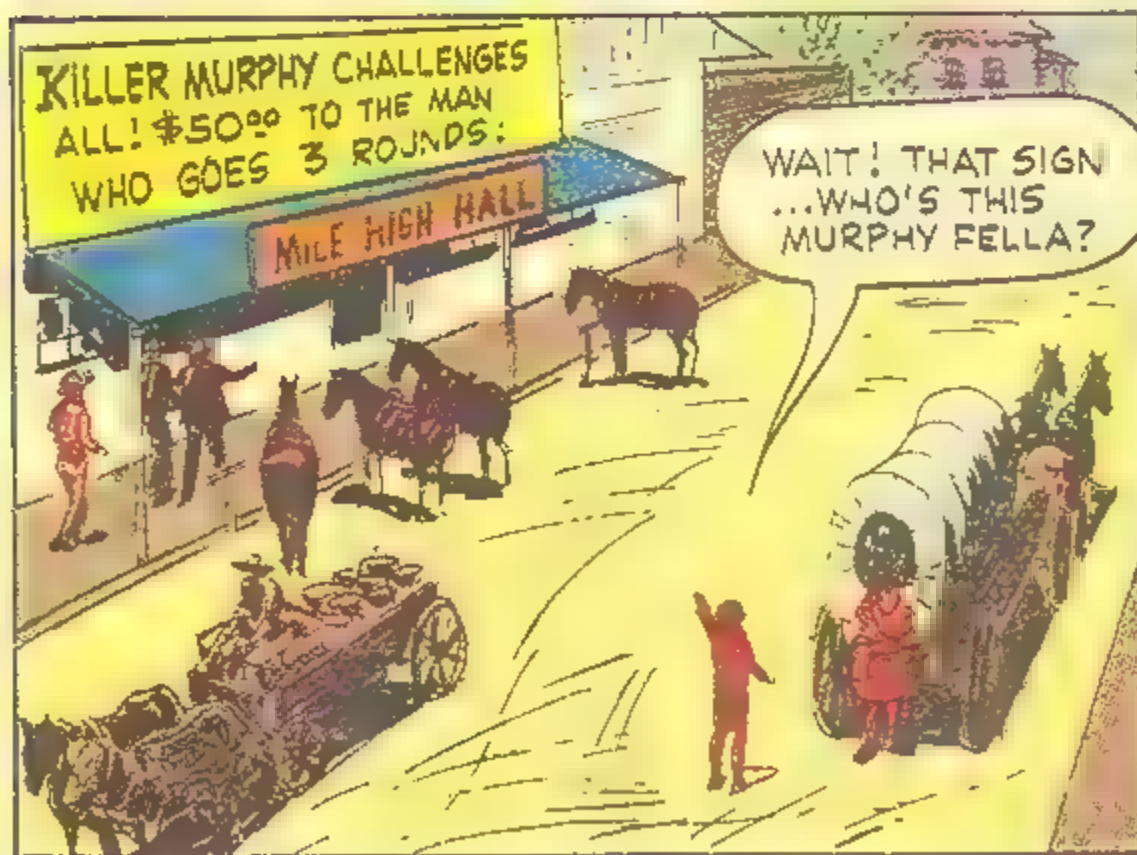
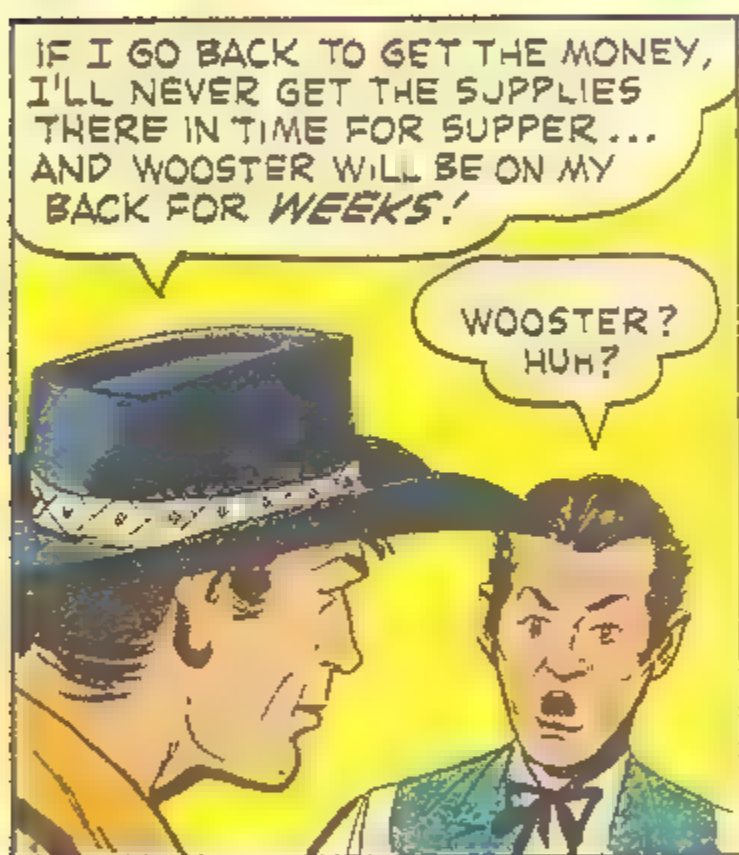
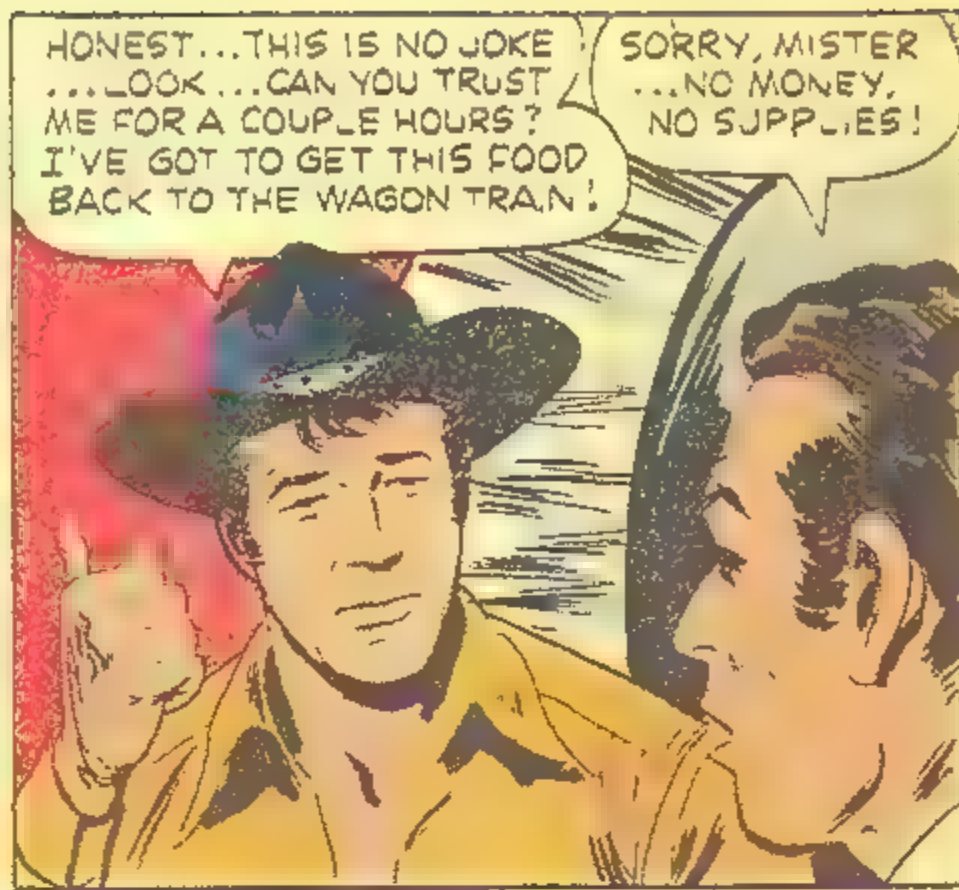


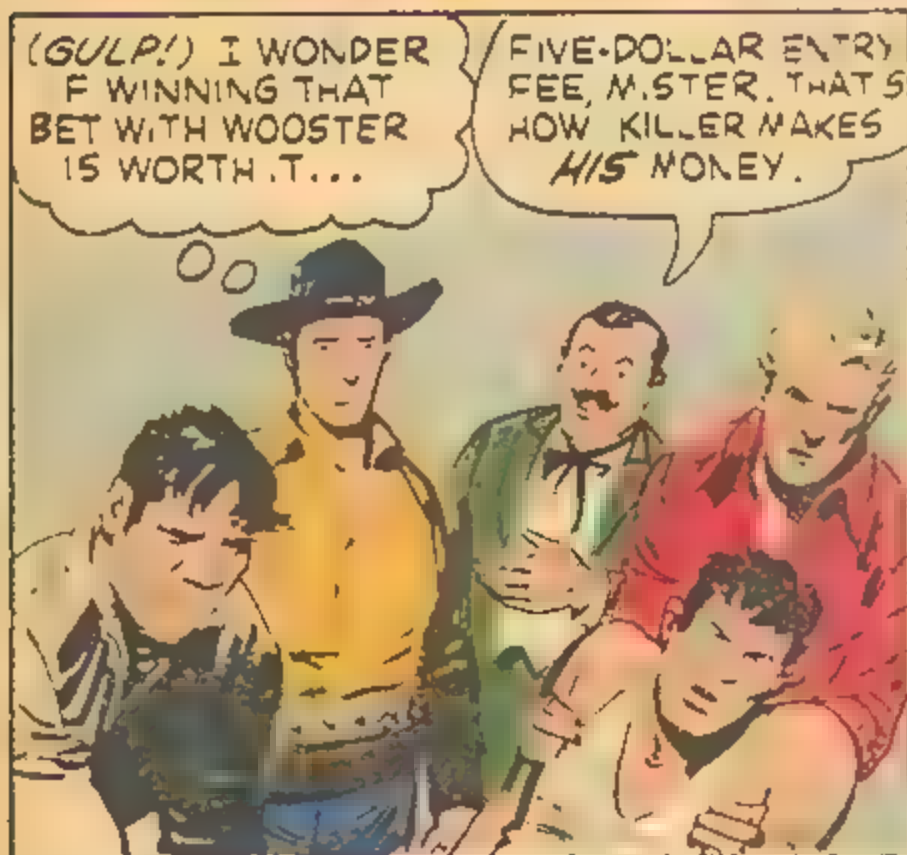
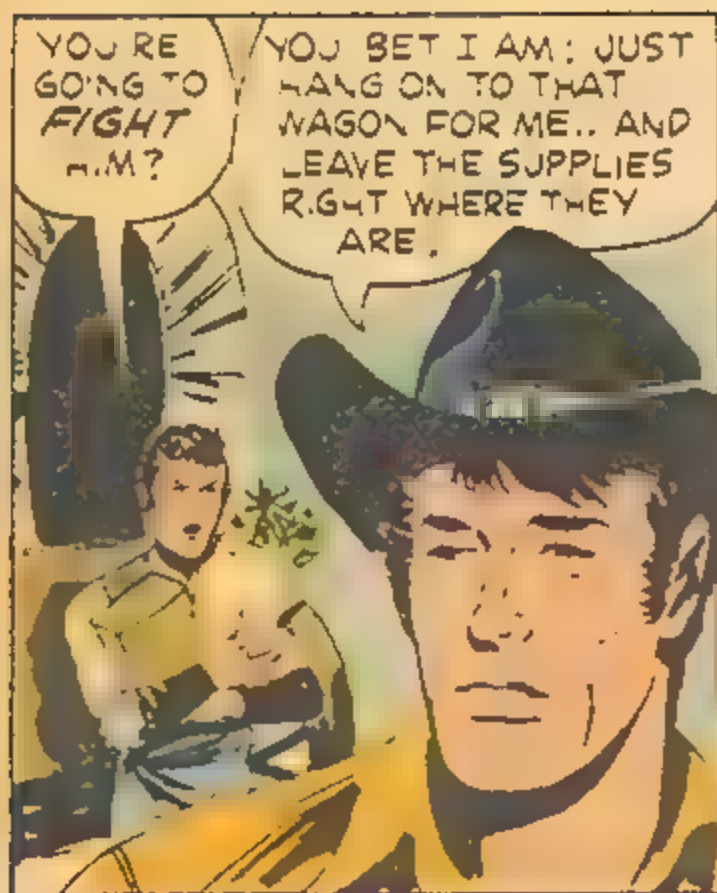
WAGON TRAIN

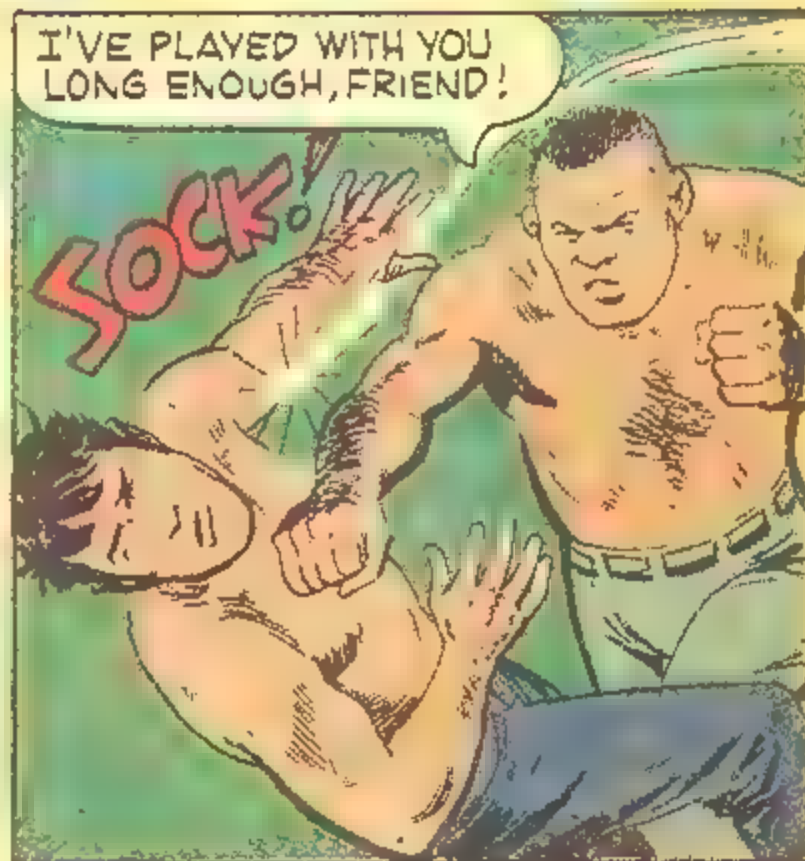
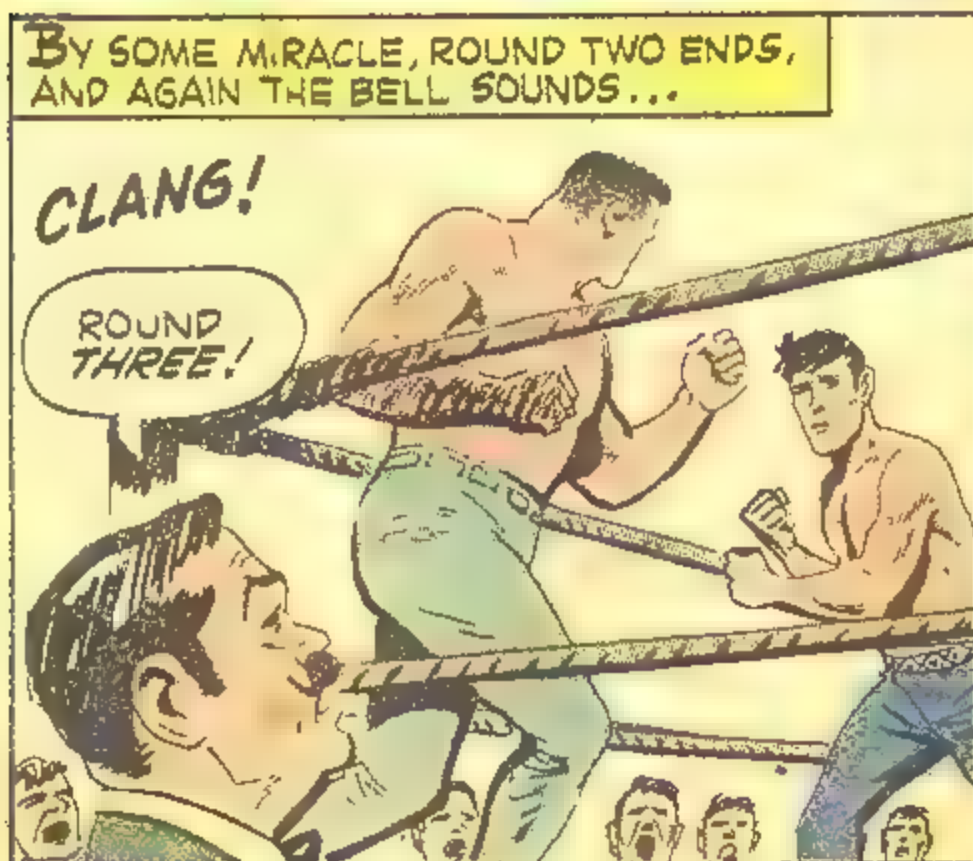
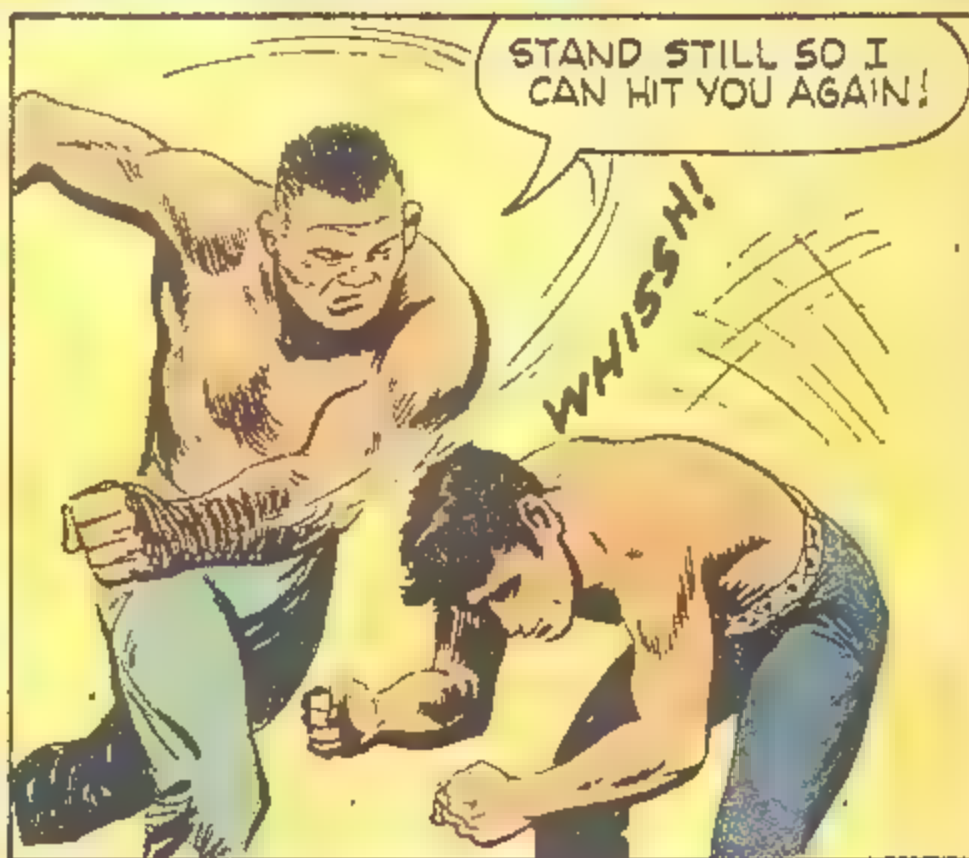
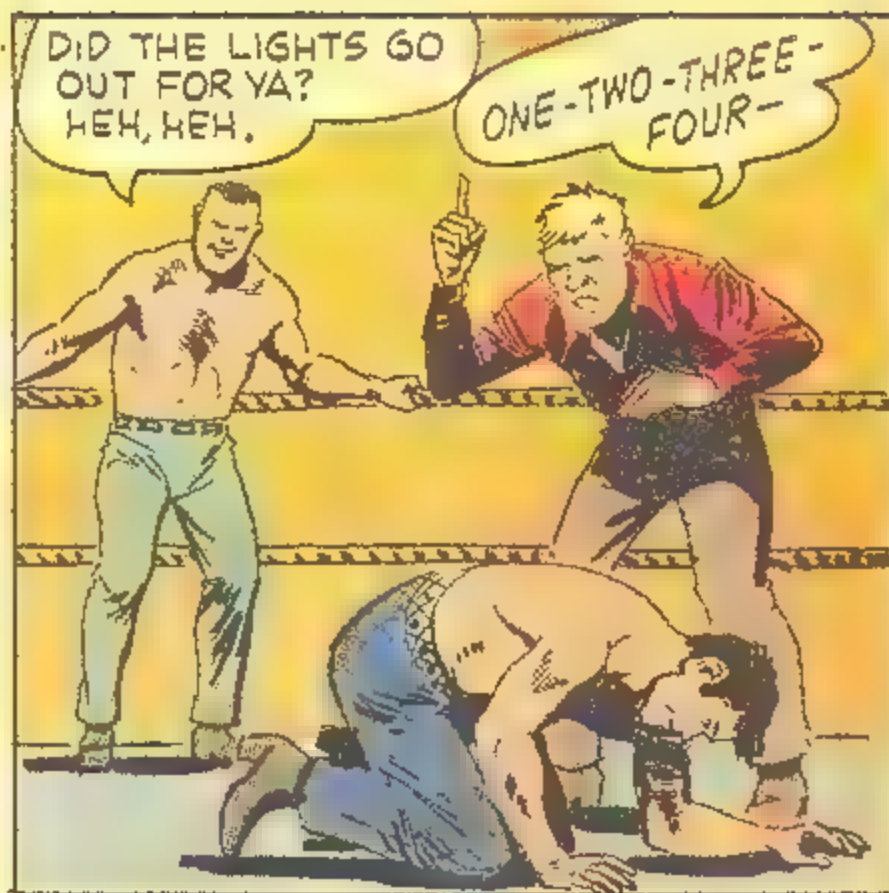
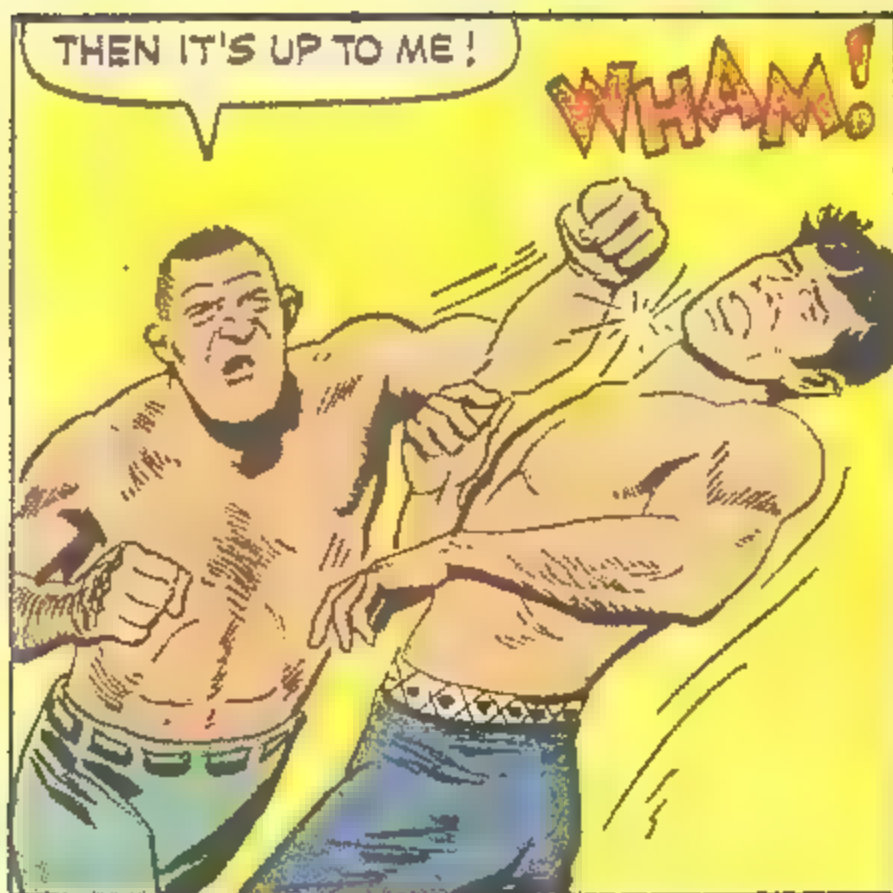
FIGHT FOR TIME

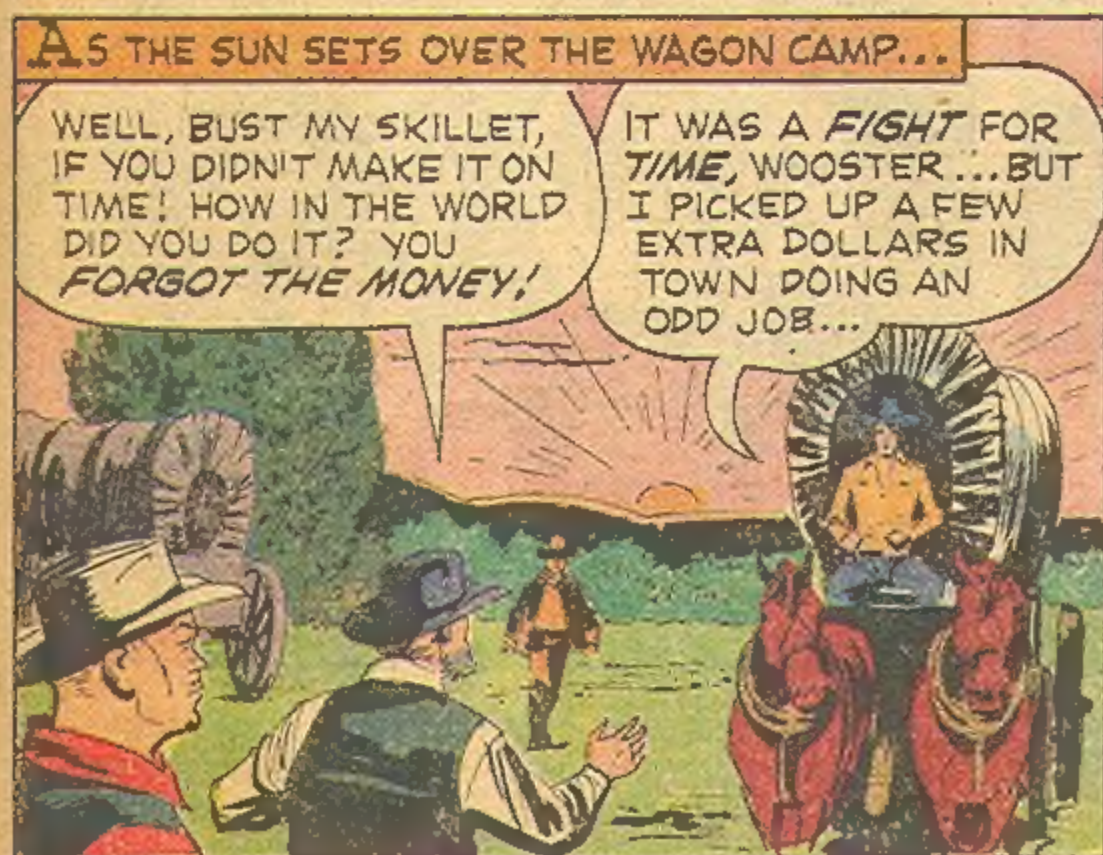
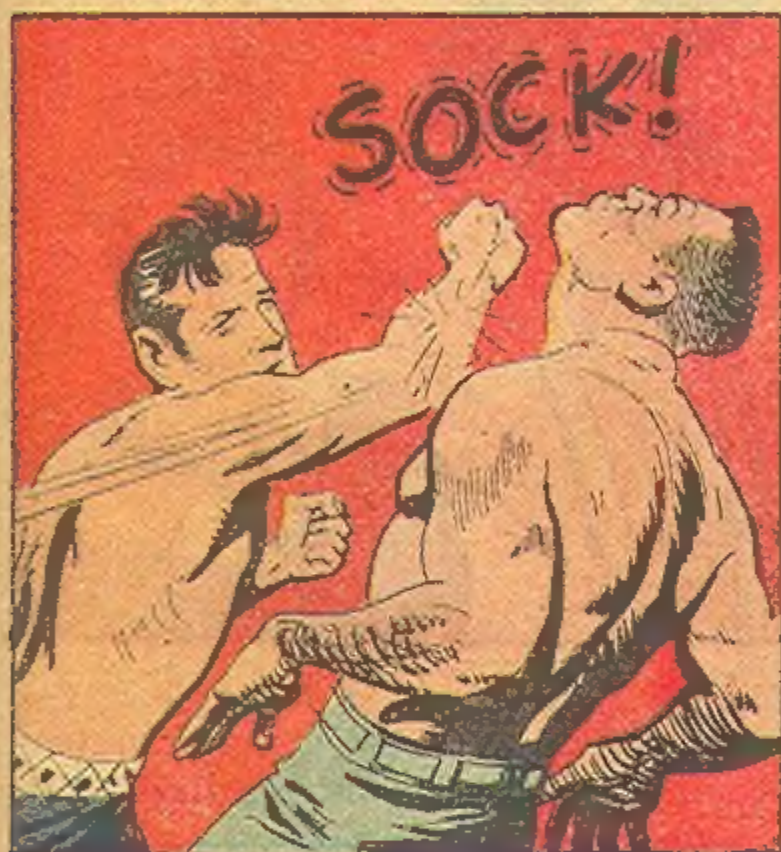








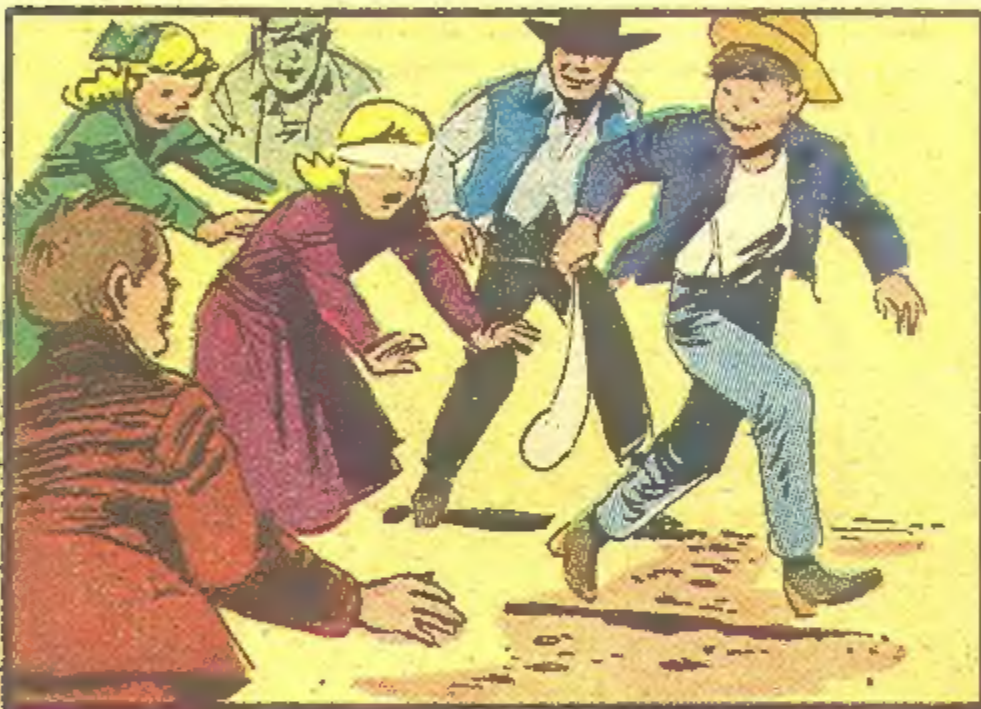




WAGON TRAIN THE ARRIVAL



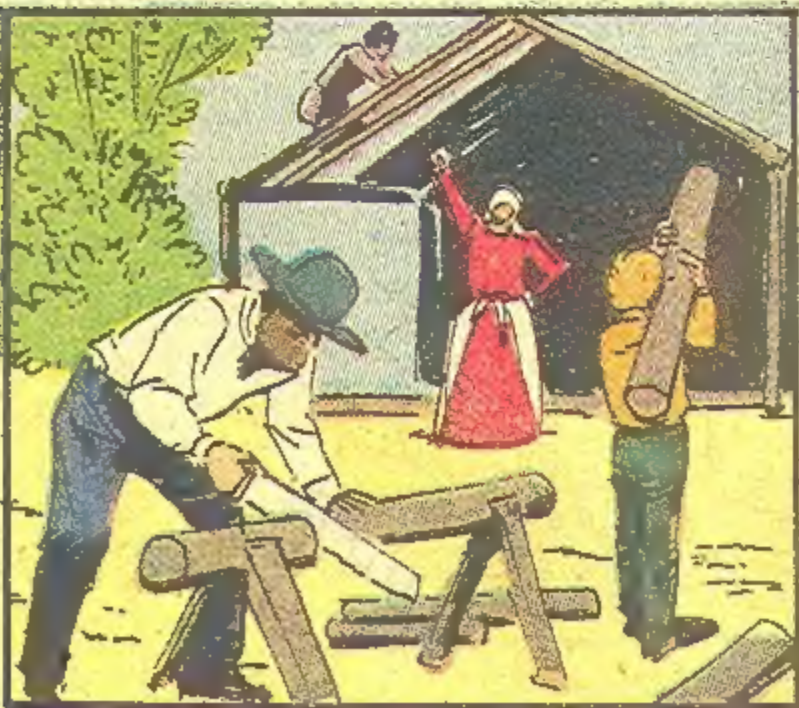
Great excitement reigned when, at last, the wagon train reached its destination. Settlers, who had gone on before, turned out to greet the newcomers and help them in their new life.



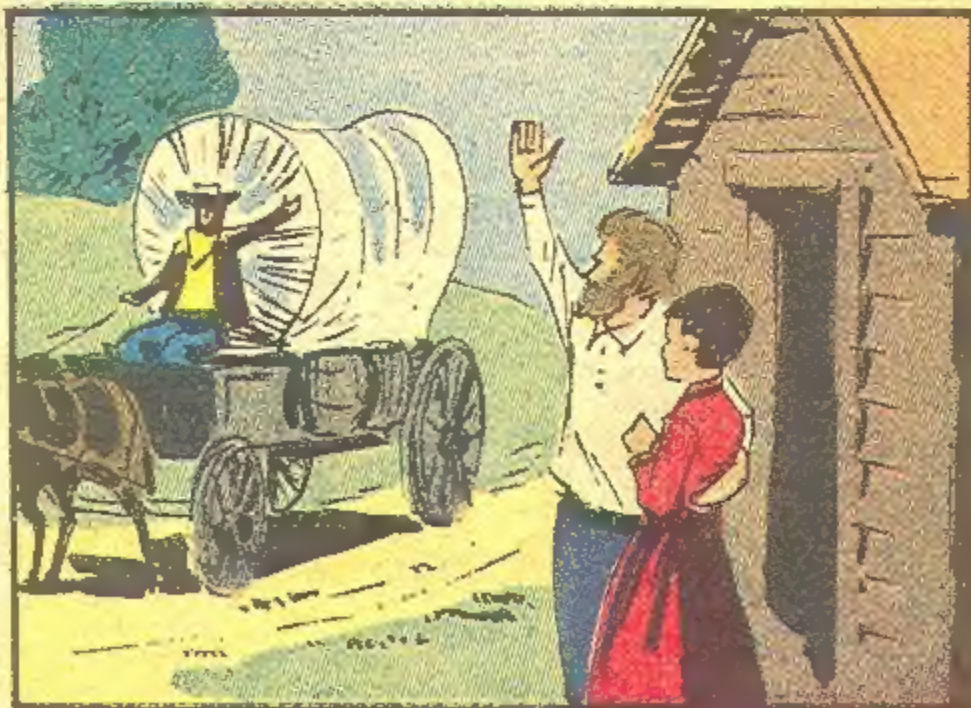
Children, overjoyed at their freedom, romped and shouted, quickly making friends with their new playmates and exploring the surrounding area.



Though they concealed it, some of the women were dismayed at leaving comparative ease for pioneering hardships.

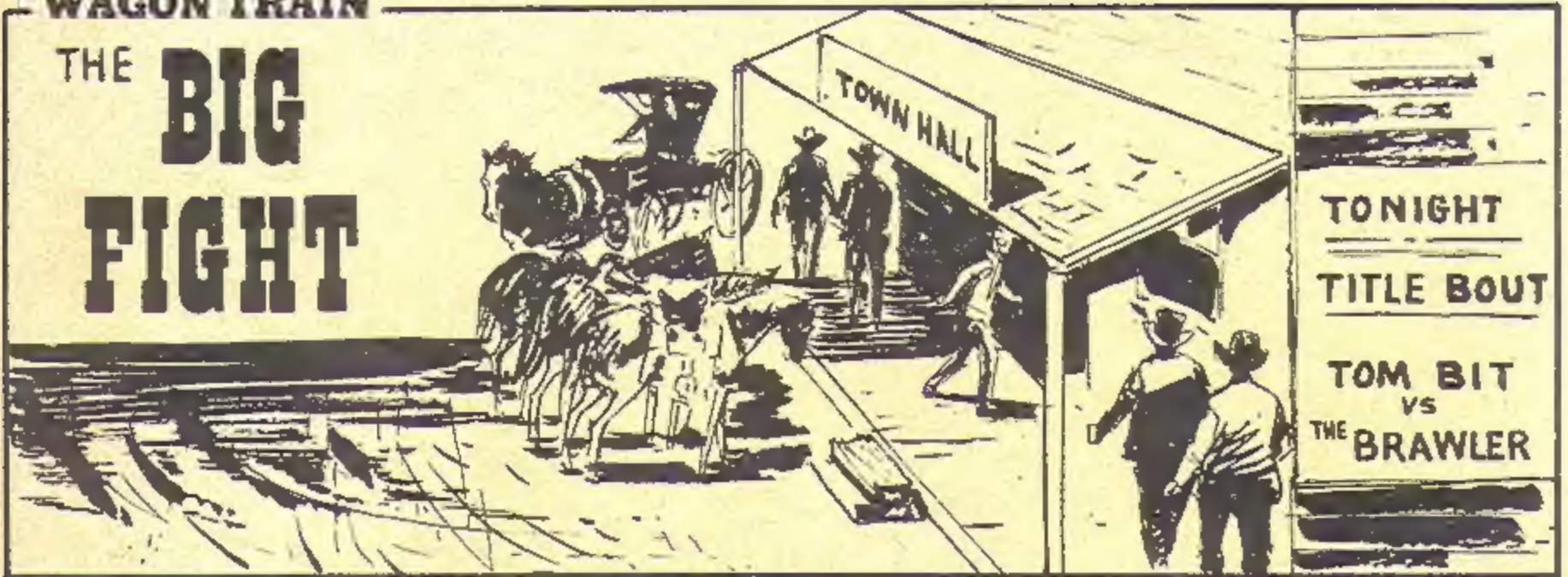


But there was no turning back, so the entire family set to work to build a new home and a new life.

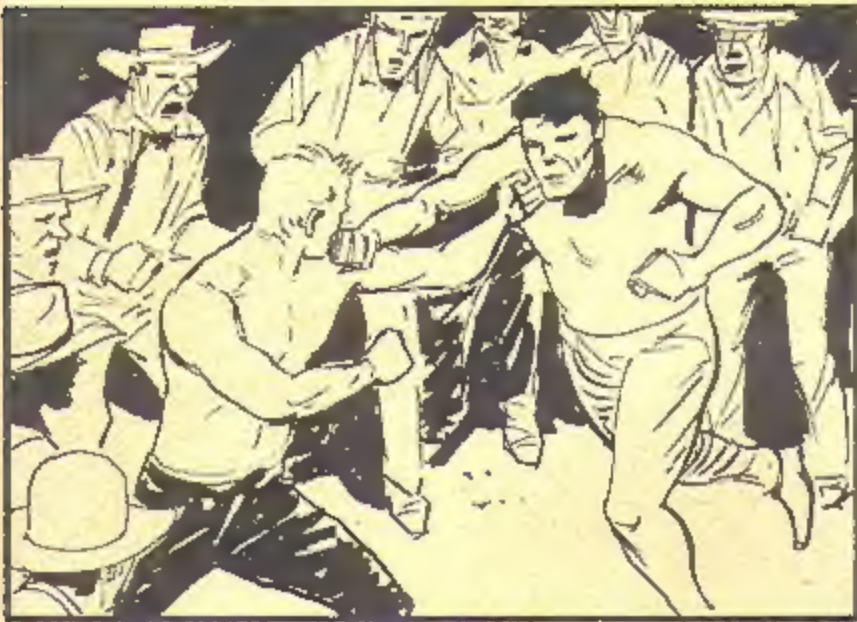


And soon, they, in turn, greeted new travelers from the wagon trains, giving them help and the courage to face the future in a strange land.

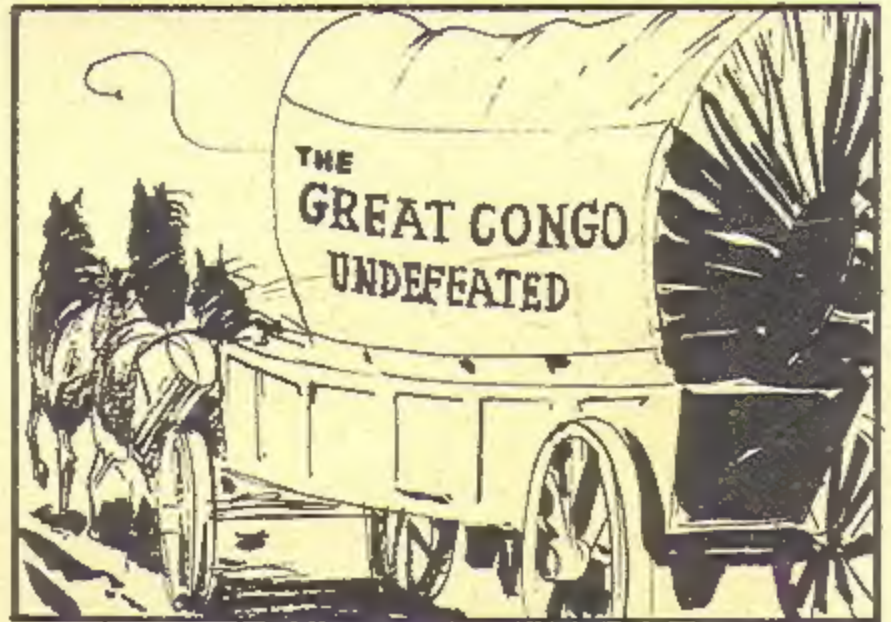
THE BIG FIGHT



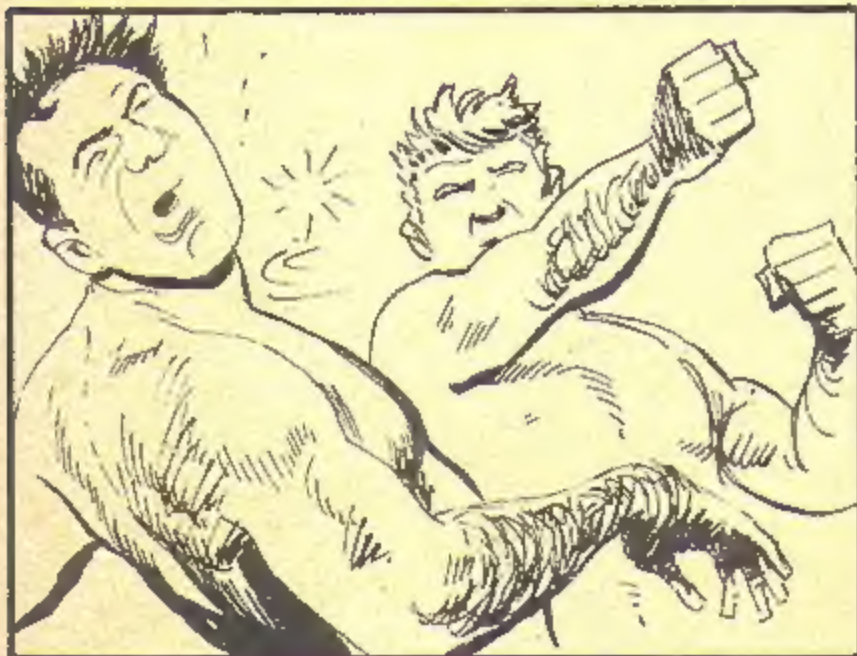
Boxing was a crowd-drawing sport throughout the growing West. It mattered little to the spectators that the sport had begun in the 800 B.C.'s in Greece and had been an event in the Olympic games of that time in history.



Their only concern was to enjoy any fight that happened to come along. It could be a fight promoted by the town or one between local men who were willing to battle it out with fists until one conceded.



Some sturdy fellows discovered a good way to insure a steady income. They traveled from town to town, offering prize money to any local contender who would put up a fee and meet them in the ring.



Eager townspeople paid to see the fight, adding more to the fighter's purse. As a rule, the fights were short, lasting only a few rounds to keep the advantage with the trained fighter rather than the opponent.



However, the rugged Western men were scrappers, and sometimes they came out on top. Since news of the fighter's defeat did not travel fast, he moved to the next town still proclaiming himself a champion.

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